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Events of the Week.

THE naval battle in the North Sea on Sunday last was the first engagement in this war in which capital ships have met. There were British battle-cruisers at Heligoland and the Falklands, but no German vessels of equal power to combat them. The German squadron was on its way, bent perhaps on raiding, to our coasts, and was sighted at daybreak. It consisted of three Dreadnought battle-cruisers, the "Derfflinger," "Seydlitz," and "Moltke," and one pre-Dreadnought battle-cruiser of almost equal power, the "Blücher," with six scout-cruisers and destroyers. Admiral Beatty had with him five of our best battle-cruisers, the "Lion," "Tiger," "Indomitable," "Princess Royal," and "New Zealand," some light cruisers, and a flotilla of destroyers. The superiority in numbers, speed, and gun-power was distinctly though not overwhelmingly on our side, and our squadron was moreover somewhat the more homogeneous of the two. The Germans immediately reversed their course, a manœuvre which may not have been simply a retreat before superior numbers. In point of fact, though the British ships had a superiority on a broadside, the German guns were so arranged that their stern guns were superior as 26 to 24 to the British guns. Besides attaining this superiority by position, another reason for the retreat may have been the hope of luring our ships into a prepared mine-field.

AFTER sighting the enemy at a distance of fourteen miles to the east-south-east, our squadron steered south-east, hoping to cut off the Germans. It attained a speed of twenty-eight and twenty-nine knots, and rapidly overtook them. Firing began at a range of just over ten miles, and became effective at over nine miles. Our two newer and more speedy ships, the "Lion" and "Tiger," bore the brunt of the fighting for some time alone, and concentrated their fire on the "Blücher," the oldest and slowest of the Germans. A German destroyer attack was beaten off, and about 11 a.m. submarines were sighted, and the course was altered to avoid them. The "Lion" at this critical moment was struck in the bows, and one of her feed-tanks was injured, with the result that her port engine was stopped, and she had to retire, steaming with one engine. The "Indomitable" had now come up, and completed the destruction of the "Blücher," which sank, losing all but 123 men of her crew of 885. A torpedo from a destroyer gave her the final stroke. Her crew lined up and cheered before she went down—a fine show of old-world gallantry. The battle was now broken off because of the danger from submarines. Two others of the German battle-cruisers were on fire and heavily damaged, and German prisoners report that the little scout-cruiser "Kolberg" (4,232 tons, 400 men) was also sunk. The "Lion" had eventually to be towed into port, but the repairs to her and also to the "Tiger" can be speedily completed. The destroyer "Meteor" was also damaged, but no other ship was injured. Our casualties were only one officer and thirteen men killed, and three officers and twenty-six men wounded.

THE engagement was a decided success, for while it has cost us only a momentary loss by the disablement of the "Lion," it has robbed the Germans of a valuable ship, which they could ill afford to lose. Two other of their cruisers are so injured that they will for long be out of action. It missed being a brilliant victory, only because the German submarines came up in time to prevent the destruction of the two damaged battle-cruisers. The German official news admits the loss of the "Blücher," but claims that one of our battle-cruisers and two destroyers were sunk. An air-ship is cited as the witness of this imaginary destruction, which it puts to the credit of a German torpedo-boat; it also claims that others of our ships were damaged. A Dutch trawler confirms the British version; but indeed it requires no confirmation, for our five battle-cruisers are safely at anchor. The only real loss which has to be recorded this week, is that of the patrol-boat "Viknor," formerly the tourist-yacht "Viking," sunk, presumably, by a mine, with all hands, in the North Sea.

APPARENTLY with some romantic idea of celebrating the Kaiser's birthday, the Germans have this week been the more enterprising in attack on the Western front, but the net result of their activity has been to cause them heavy losses and no permanent gains. The French reckon that in a series of fruitless attacks the Germans have lost 20,000 men in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Their

biggest effort was made on Monday from La Bassée against the British trenches at Givenchy. It was here that the Indians suffered their reverse on December 20th, and the position is vital, for it lies across the road to Béthune, a long, though possible, line of advance to Dunkirk. The attack was repeated no less than five times, with the utmost gallantry, and at the end of the day our men were compelled to retire. The German official news states that our trenches were captured for a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, and 110 men taken prisoners. Reinforcements were brought up on Tuesday, and the enemy, who again attempted to advance, was driven from the positions he had won. We took sixty prisoners, and counted 400 dead, so that, with wounded, the total loss must have amounted to two full battalions. The French also repulsed a heavy attack near Ypres, took some prisoners, and counted 300 killed.

THE Germans made their third big effort against the French positions north of the Aisne, near Craonne, half-way between Soissons and Reims. An impetuous offensive was at first successful in winning a good deal of ground. The French counter-attack was prompt, and is described as very brilliant. The whole of the lost positions were eventually re-taken, and the Germans left over a thousand dead on the field, belonging to four different regiments, besides prisoners. This must have meant a casualty list of at least 8,000, and in any other war, such an affair would rank as a considerable battle. The German news, which reports the success but not the subsequent reverse, claims 865 wounded French prisoners, and a gain of about a mile of trenches. The Germans claim that in all these operations the French lost 1,500 dead, which, even if true, is much lower than the German loss. The French news is, as usual, the more candid, but neither is complete. Elsewhere the weather has probably made any big operations impossible where the water lies on clay soil, and it is intelligible that the hardest fighting is in wooded country and on the slopes of the Vosges. There is good news from St. Mihiel (the point at which the Germans pierced the Verdun-Toul line); the enemy's pontoon bridges over the Meuse have been broken by artillery fire. Stubborn fighting in lower Alsace seems to have yielded some slight French gains.

THE condition of the campaigns in Poland is still not far removed from deadlock. The Germans do not appear to be pressing any part of their offensive with much energy, while the Russians are clearly building their hopes mainly on their advance into Hungary through the Bukowina. They have, however, achieved some success in a nearly forgotten area of the immense field by an advance towards Gumbinnen in East Prussia, on the road to Königsberg, a route less difficult than that through the lake-country further south. In the Carpathians, the Austrians claim that they have re-taken the important Uszok Pass and advanced elsewhere; the Russian news, while admitting the activity of the enemy, states that his attacks have been repulsed. Elsewhere, the utmost that can be said is that the Germans have not abandoned their advance on Warsaw, nor the Russians their advances on Cracow and Thorn (the latter probably a mere diversion or feint), but none of these offensives make appreciable progress. Meanwhile, the probability that Rumania will intervene seems to be increased by the publication of the news (withheld for some time) that she has been allowed to borrow £5,000,000 from the Bank of England. One

presumes that our financial resources would not be spent in this direction unless our Foreign Office were satisfied as to Roumania's intentions.

THERE is no news of importance regarding the various Turkish campaigns. The Russians claim progress against the defeated Turkish corps, but the few details of their operations do not suggest a rapid advance on Erzeroum. On the other hand, the Turkish offensive against Batoum has not yet been defeated. There are still Turkish detachments on Russian soil in the mountainous country round Olty, and in spite of earlier hopes that the Turkish resistance was broken, it is again said to be "obstinate." At Tabriz the Turkish invasion has not yet been dealt with, and the Turks have been allowed time to fortify the town. On the other hand there is no doubt that the invasion of the Caucasus which ended in the Russian victory at Sarykamish was a terrible disaster for Turkey, and the Turkish losses are now said to have been 10,000 prisoners and 30,000 killed. Meanwhile the advance of the three Syrian corps on Egypt has begun. Its skirmishing columns have reached a point thirty miles from the canal, and have had a brush with our patrols.

THE German Chancellor has made a belated attempt to convince the neutral world that it has done his Government an injustice. The invasion of Belgium has been generally regarded as characteristic of the spirit in which Germany entered upon the war, and the notorious remark of the Chancellor's, that the treaty guaranteeing Belgian neutrality was a scrap of paper, has deepened the impression made upon the world by this unprincipled aggression. The Chancellor seeks now to soften this severe judgment, and he has given an explanation to an interviewer. He puts a new interpretation on his own words about "the scrap of paper," explaining that he meant that its worthlessness was not in his own eyes, but in Sir Edward Grey's. The interpretation would be more convincing if the two Governments had reversed parts. If the Chancellor did not say what he meant, he has shown that he meant what he said. But he explains also that an excessive scruple caused him to give an unfair impression of his Government's action. For he spoke in the Reichstag of "the wrong" Germany committed in violating Belgian neutrality, whereas he suspected at the time that Belgium had already abandoned her neutrality; and this suspicion has since been confirmed by documents discovered in Belgium.

THE next day (Wednesday) the Foreign Office published some trenchant observations on the German Chancellor's statement. The documents, it is explained, record conversations between Belgian and British officers in 1906 and 1911. They were purely informal, and no military agreement was made between the two Governments. The conversations were solely addressed to the question of the manner in which British help could be most effectively given for the defence of Belgian neutrality. The reason for these conversations was that Germany was establishing an elaborate network of strategical railways leading from the Rhine to the Belgian frontier through a barren, thinly populated tract, and that these railways were constructed to permit of a sudden attack on Belgium. In these circumstances Belgium was justified in communicating with other Powers on the best means for defending herself if her neutrality were violated. The conversations prove merely that Belgium was suspicious of German intentions, with what excellent reasons the whole world now knows.

SIR EDWARD GREY refers also to the German Chancellor's statement that he had been striving for years to bring about an understanding with England—an understanding which would have absolutely guaranteed the peace of Europe. But on what terms? Mr. Asquith made it public at Cardiff that Germany's price was an unconditional guarantee of England's neutrality. An understanding on those terms would not have been a guarantee of peace, but an arrangement giving Germany a free hand behind the back of France. The sincerity of these professions can be judged by Germany's treatment of the British proposal for a conference. France, Italy, and Russia concurred; Germany stood out. Yet Herr von Jagow had himself given testimony in the Reichstag to England's good faith in the negotiations at the Conference in London after the Balkan War. Sir Edward Grey acted in 1914 with the same desire for peace and the same willingness to treat Europe as a combination of Powers rather than on the two-camp theory. The Government that rejected that proposal must not complain if the conclusion is drawn that it desired the war which followed its refusal.

Food prices have risen in all the belligerent countries, with the exception of France; but the rise in Germany began sooner than in this country, and is slightly higher. The difference, however, between our situation and hers is that ours is unlikely to become much worse, while hers, in the absence of all imports, must steadily worsen. This week all German stores and stocks of grain have been taken over by a Government order, and will be controlled and distributed, not, however directly by officials, but by a trading syndicate which will be entitled to a small fixed profit. This measure does not necessarily mean that there is as yet any serious stringency. It is, however, a very significant provision against waste and speculation, and it does certainly mean that a long war will cause a serious deficiency of food supply before the next harvest, unless existing stores are rigidly economized. It amounts in principle to putting the nation on siege rations. Incidentally, since all imported food will now go to a public authority for distribution, no distinction from the point of view of contraband can be drawn between food destined for non-combatants and food destined for the troops.

REPRESENTATIVES of various Suffragist societies attended at the War Office on Monday to protest against the several measures that have been taken restricting the rights and the freedom of women. These measures included the notorious circular placing the wives of soldiers under police supervision, the differential treatment of women in public-houses, and the interference with the movements of women in special towns. The case against this general policy was put with great force by different speakers. Mrs. Despard and others, who had experience and evidence to justify their statements, showed that the outcry about the behavior of soldiers' wives had singularly little foundation in fact. Their representations were sympathetically considered, and there is reason to hope that when the demand is made in Parliament, as surely it will be made, for the revocation of these unfortunate measures, the Government will recognize that the sooner this whole policy is repealed without qualification or equivocation the better for everybody. Let us have no more amended circulars, but common justice and common sense.

WE have called attention more than once to the scandalous instances of sweating in the making of clothes

for the army, and we are glad to see that the subject of the conditions under which this work is carried out in East London is discussed in a careful article by Mr. E. F. Hitchcock in the "Toynbee Record." Mr. Hitchcock estimates that on each greatcoat the contractor makes a profit of 7s. 1d. The War Office pays him 28s.; he spends 17s. 8d. on material, and pays the sub-contractor 3s. 3d. for making up. The sub-contractor pays 2s. 3½d. in wages, and makes a profit of 11½d. Mr. Hitchcock shows that the Fair Wages Clause, as interpreted, is an illusory protection in the case of an unorganized industry, working under the spasmodic conditions of war pressure. He proposes that the War Office should fix flat rates of pay to sub-contractors, that, as in the case of L.C.C. contracts for uniforms, there should be a fixed sum to be spent on wages in respect of each garment. If this policy is not adopted, he suggests that the large employer who takes a handsome profit for merely passing on an order, might be circumvented by giving contracts direct to associations of sub-contractors working on a co-operative basis.

WE have received manifestoes (1) from the Foreign Committee of the Jewish Socialist Party in Russia and Poland, and (2) from a number of Russian literary men speaking for the Russian Socialist parties in the same countries. Both documents are extremely pessimistic. The Socialists allege generally the continuance of the penal laws against their organizations and papers, the limitation of the assurance of autonomy to the Poles, and harsh measures against the Jews. They also state that Socialists and the Labor members of the Left refused to vote the war-credits. On the other hand, they admit that there is no possibility that a German victory will yield any "progressive results," the choice being simply between "varieties of reaction." The Jewish manifesto traverses the same ground, but is rather more definite.

It declares that the Jewish population of Poland and Lithuania has been ruined by the war (was that the entire fault of the Russian armies?), that Jews, even when wounded soldiers, have been driven back into the "Pale," and that among other places a bad "pogrom," lasting many days, was started in Lodz, the Polish Manchester. The chief complaint, however, is of a general forced exodus of Jewish populations, under every circumstance of misery. Already, it says, there are 100,000 Jewish refugees in Warsaw. This in spite of the fact that a quarter of a million Jewish soldiers are at the front. We think these statements should be published, and we shall be glad to insert the answer or the defence. We still think that Russia's closer association with the Western Powers will bring with it an amelioration of these racial laws and oppressions. What other hope is there of such a change?

Hood (Born January, 1835).

No courtier this, and nought to courts he owed,
Fawned not on thrones, hymned not the great and callous,

Yet, in one strain, that few remember, showed
He had the password to King Oberon's palace.

And seeing a London seamstress's grey fate,
He of a human heartstring made a thread,
And stitched him such a royal robe of state
That Eastern Kings are poorer habited.

He saw wan Woman toil with famished eyes;
He saw her bound, and strove to sing her free.
He saw her fall'n; and wrote "The Bridge of Sighs";
And on it crossed to immortality.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Politics and Affairs.

THE NEUTRALITY OF AMERICA.

MR. BRYAN'S letter to the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee removes, we think, all substantial danger of misunderstanding between this country and the United States. Misunderstanding between nations as between persons is usually the effect of failure to see, not merely the case for the other side, but its impelling motives. There was an hour when, for various reasons, we feared that America might not divine our case, or we hers. The confrontation between the two Powers was serious and direct. We were the greatest sea-Power at war with the greatest land-Power, and it was vital for us to prevent her from replenishing the resources from which she drew the implements of her gigantic challenge. Clearly, if the Allied armies fail to reach a decisive conclusion, the British investment from the sea will determine the issue of the struggle. Now, America has given ample evidence of where her sympathy lies. She had indeed no ground of hesitation. She has been the chief promoter and the most ardent advocate of the cause of international law and arbitrament, and she has seen that flag sink in the flames of war. She is pre-eminently the representative of the principle of free national and State development as opposed to that of military force directed from an autocratic centre to conquest. She has been as swift to recognize the need of Belgium as we, and even more impulsively generous in her efforts to relieve it.

On the other hand, nature and history have combined to make America an international Power. By virtue of the infiltration from Western and Eastern Europe, each one of the leading European stocks has been grafted, with its stock of passions and relationships, on to her social life and system of government; and as the chief of the neutral nations, she has the most to lose by the restriction of her export and import trade with our Continent. Here lies the point of conflict with Great Britain. British sea supremacy practically limits American traffic to cotton and food for the civil population of Germany and Austria and to goods genuinely destined for neutral countries and dissociated from illicit trading with our enemies. She is therefore driven this way and that by fiercely contesting forces. Morally, she is with us; and no mere political or commercial "pull" can sever that tie. But when her manufacturers call for this or that import, such as dyestuffs from Germany or rubber from England, which we can forbid, she is conscious of a divided interest. Our merchant vessels supply the mass of her sea-carrying power; our war vessels govern its volume and direction. The aim of all this regulation is to end the war as quickly as possible, and with the least possible loss to the freedom of mankind. But the method is embarrassing, and it is not unnatural for a great and proud nation like the United States to sigh over such manifestations of power, and instinctively desire a sea-force comparable with our own. Happily, the question is rather a moral than a material one. The actual loss which America suffers from our superiority is not great, and our concession of free cotton,

highly damaging as it is to our siege of the German Powers—for, as Mr. Belloc says, it is equivalent to letting a "lethal weapon" through the German lines—has greatly lessened it. And when she examines the situation with the candor of Mr. Bryan's letter, she discovers that the claims we make on her as a neutral Power are merely those which in substance she has put forward when, in her turn, she was a belligerent. What more can we ask? Her statesmen have not indeed acted up to the full measure of the national judgment of the issue between us and Germany, and their caution has, we think, contributed to an evil conduct of the war and a reckless disregard of the principles and enactments of the Hague Conventions. But we can find no ground of quarrel with the general interpretation of her rights and duties as a neutral which we find in Mr. Bryan's despatch.

Take the main issues. If America had wished to be unfriendly, she might conceivably have dealt us three serious blows. She might have fiercely resented the right of search, and thwarted it by a continuous quarrel on the question of what was contraband and what was not, and on the action of our Prize Courts. She might have declared that her ships should have free course to neutral ports, without reference to the character of their cargo or its real destination. And she might have aimed at nullifying the grand effect of our sea-power by forbidding or hampering the export of munitions of war to the Power which alone could ensure their safe passage. On all these points she seems to us finally to have taken safe and moderate ground. Our weak point has been the inevitable shifting with the outbreak of war of our lists of positive and conditional contraband. America's reply is to acknowledge the wide needs of modern "scientific" warfare. "Military operations," says Mr. Bryan, "are largely a question of motive power through mechanical devices." This formula shuts out rubber and petroleum, and with this concession we may well be content. The traffic with neutrals is a more difficult matter. We cannot ask America to surrender it. But we can ask her to remember the supreme necessity of stopping an illicit traffic in an article like copper. If unwrought copper passes freely, Germany's power to hold up the world in a war of years is immensely fortified. And if, on her side, America insists that suspicion of contraband is not enough, and that proof such as a civil law court might require must be forthcoming to justify the arrest of a ship, she gives a clear run to a gigantic enterprise in smuggling. Suspicion is of the nature of the case, and is inevitable under the recent American rule which allows a ship to declare her manifest thirty days after sailing. All that we can be expected to do is to act reasonably and quickly; and all that we can ask of America is to attach due weight to the doctrine of "continuous voyage," and to the immense temptation of a smuggling trade whose profits, in the case of copper, must inevitably run to cent. per cent. We may well be content if this, on the whole, appears to be the line of Mr. Bryan's letter to Mr. Stone.

But an unfriendly dealing with secret trading in contraband for Germany would have been less serious than

an embargo on munitions of war for the Allies. There, indeed, the ground would have been untenable. International law does not require a neutral to restrict the private trade of its subjects in the means of war. The rôle of an international police may, indeed, arise from a finer code of international morals than this distracted world can envisage. But for us an American prohibition of the trade in munitions could have had but one meaning. It would have said: "You, the less prepared, the less military Power, shall go short against the calculated force and accumulated stores of your enemies. We strike from your hand your sea-power, the element on which you rely to enable you to restore the balance."

If America has not done this it is because she perceives and has enacted the part of a good neutral. Here we cannot ask her to fight for us; we can only ask her not to fight against us. To call for more is to remove the controversy to the plane of morals and world-policy, and to raise a wider ground of appeal. In our view, the time will come when America will realize that she cannot dishonor her signature to the Hague Conventions. The Germans have succeeded in substituting for them a general rule of war-necessity, and even in brushing aside most of the mere exceptions into which she has turned a definite, positive code of humanity. No belligerent can very well set up this broken table of law, and yet, if it lies in ruins, each succeeding war will be worse than its predecessor, each act of international faith and trust weaker, and each mark of true civilization fainter. Has America nothing to say? We know that she has a predominant opinion. But the expression of opinion is a sacred service to society, which in earlier battles of freedom in Europe, America has freely rendered. True neutrality, as Sir John Macdonell well says, is not silent neutrality; and the history of neutrals consists in part in resistance to improper and exorbitant claims on the part of belligerents. Does America consider that Germany's violation of each one of the Hague Conventions which opposed itself to her plan of campaign, and to the degree of ruthlessness with which she judged it advisable to conduct it, should pass without a word of judgment from the Power whose moral interest in them is second to none, and whose authority is in proportion to its virtual impregnability from European attack? The Hague Conventions never had any executive force behind them. Have they therefore no binding character on their signatories? America's silence seems to say that they have not; and therefore to pass on Germany's breach of them an act of condonation which generations of men may come to mourn.

THE COMPLETE ART OF FRIGHTFULNESS.

In discussing "atrocities stories," we have more than once emphasized the distinction between the individual and the official brutality, urging that people should both be slow to give credence to stories of mutilation or other cruelties, which are easily manufactured in war-time, and reluctant to condemn a whole army or a nation on the strength of the crimes—even when these are finally proved—of individuals. Official acts are in a different

category, and we shared the amazement of the civilized world at the latitude which the German authorities allowed themselves in interpreting the laws of war. Now, thanks to Professor J. H. Morgan, we have the explanation of the whole matter in our hands—at least we have the German theory of war set out in "The German War Book," which is the volume officially issued for the use of officers by the German General Staff. We see from this most enlightening work that the German armies, true to character, have been acting methodically and on theory. We see that the attack on Scarborough or Sheringham or King's Lynn is, for them, nothing out of the way. It is not in accordance with the law of nations, but it is in accordance with the law of Germany.

The point of principle admits of very short and simple statement. The general conception of war, as understood by civilized nations, is briefly stated by Dr. Oppenheim ("International Law," vol. II., p. 63). The German conception is as briefly stated in the "War Book" (p. 52). They may suitably be placed in parallel columns:—

"INTERNATIONAL LAW."

It must be emphasized that war nowadays is a contention of States through their armed forces.* Those private subjects of the belligerents who do not directly or indirectly belong to the armed forces do not take part in the armed contention. They do not attack or defend, and no attack is therefore made on them.

"THE GERMAN WAR BOOK."

A war conducted with energy cannot be directed merely against the combatants of the Enemy State and the positions they occupy, but it will and must in like manner seek to destroy the total intellectual and material resources of the latter. Humanitarian claims, such as the protection of men and their goods, can only be taken into consideration in so far as the nature and object of the war permit.

The Germans, it will be seen, do not deny that non-combatants may have certain claims; but they reverse the civilized principle. This principle is that non-combatants are to be inviolate, subject to certain carefully restricted exceptions. The German principle is that they are legitimate objects of attack, subject only to the exceptional cases in which nothing is to be gained by molesting them. Hence, after the passage quoted, the text continues: "Consequently the 'argument of war' permits every belligerent state to have recourse to all means which enable it to obtain the object of war." This is precisely the principle expressed by the Elizabethan heroes, as staged by the celebrated Mr. Puff, in their prayer to Mars:—

"Behold thy votaries submissive beg
That thou wouldst deign to grant them all they ask,
Permit them to accomplish all their ends,
And sanctify whatever means they use
To gain them."

To the principle there are certain limitations; but they are hardly limitations, in the German view, of a strictly moral or legal character. "Practice has taught the advisability of allowing, in one's own interest, the introduction of a limitation in the use of certain methods of war, and a total renunciation of the use of others. Chivalrous feelings, Christian thought, higher civilization, and, by no means least of all, the recognition of

* The italics are Dr. Oppenheim's.

† "Geistig" is so translated by Mr. Morgan. "Moral" is, in the context, obviously a much more suitable English rendering.

one's own advantage, have led to a voluntary and self-imposed limitation. . . . Observe the frank statement of motives, and the justified and guarded way in which the limitations are admitted. This is emphasized in the next paragraph, by the reference to the attempts to make these usages binding as a code of war. "All these attempts have hitherto, with some few exceptions to be mentioned later, completely failed." This, of course, is untrue, as the Hague Convention, if not complete, is still an extensive and, within limits, an admirable code. But all such attempts are, for the German War-book, instances of the "humanitarian considerations which not infrequently degenerated into sentimentality and flabby emotion." Yet German statesmen set their hands to that document which, in dealing with the laws of war, after "laying down certain limits for the purpose of modifying their severity as far as possible," goes on in all good faith to leave what is omitted to "the principles of the law of nations as they result from the usages established between civilized nations, from the laws of humanity and the requirements of the public conscience." In principle as in detail, in the spirit as in the letter, the German General Staff throws over the agreement to which the German Empire set its hand. Indeed, why not? Conventions, like treaties, only hold, in the German view, at the convenience of the signatories, and while circumstances are unchanged. Now it is convenient to concert with civilized Powers in peace as to rules to be observed in war. But the state of war alters the circumstances, and it is no longer convenient to observe those rules. Therefore, disregard them.

Space forbids us to follow this remarkable document in detail. Perhaps its most amazing doctrine is that "international law is in no way opposed to the exploitation of the crimes of third parties (assassination, incendiarism, robbery, and the like) to the prejudice of the enemy." Chivalry may dislike such things, "but law, which is less touching, allows it." If one of our leading ministers were assassinated by someone in connivance with the German War Office, it is, indeed, probable that we should be "touchy" on the subject, but the Germans would keep cool, and law, in their opinion, would be as unmoved as they.

If this is the most remarkable passage, perhaps the most characteristic is the justification of the threat to shoot French civilians for refusing to repair a bridge—"the main thing was that it attained its object without its being necessary to practise it." (Italics in the original.) Similarly as to taking hostages on trains. There was no other method of securing safety, says our text. "Herein lies its justification under the laws of war, but still more in the fact that it proved completely successful." Success is the supreme test; self-interest the sole basis of any consideration; fear of reprisal the sole sanction of any rule.

Let us then put out of our minds the notion that in protesting against the practice of dropping bombs on peaceful villages there is in the German code any principle to which we can appeal. Any British man or woman or child, and British cottage or factory or barn, is a part of our resources. Our security is a great

moral resource. Our immunity from attack is a great asset in the world of "Geist." The airship may attack those resources by blowing up cottages and killing children if it cannot reach forts or arsenals. It is all part of the enemy's resources in men or things or ideas or feelings that are being attacked, and for the German it is all in the day's work. It is true that if the villagers reply with guns, they are, according to Count Reventlow, miserable fanatics, deserving of ruthless punishment. The non-combatant is there, not to shoot, but to be shot at. For the German code has so reversed the ordinary view that in dealing with them it is safer to be a soldier than a civilian. The fighting man is recognized as one of the true caste. He has at least the right to protect himself, and, if taken, to be treated as a prisoner of war. The civilian must take what he can get, be it a bullet or a bomb, and for him to raise his hand against the army is as the impiety of Zabern.

THE EASTERN NEUTRALS.

It was in the very early days of the war that Mr. Churchill declared that the first of the principles which we must keep before us in the struggle and its sequel was that of nationality. He sketched as our programme "the setting free of those races which have been subjugated and conquered," and argued that this aim would "justify the exertions of the war." Undoubtedly that speech voiced the general opinion of this country. No one among us wanted a war to settle the vexed questions of nationality which have helped to poison the common life of Europe. Few of us think of war as a good way of settling this or any other set of questions. Most of us held, and hold still, that the life of Europe would have been unspeakably richer and more worthy if the claims of Alsatians, Poles, and Serbs had been met, like those of the Irish, by spontaneous concessions from the ruling races. A solution of any question of nationality by consent is a double boon, to him who gives and to him who takes. Some of these problems, moreover, by reason of the mixture of races, cannot be settled by partition. Their solution lay in the growth of a tolerance which would leave to every race the best part of nationality—its "culture," its language, its habits of thought, its right of association, things which can live in any free atmosphere and are not dependent on the exclusive national control of any given area.

An evolution in this direction, by the gradual education of the political sense of Europe, would have given in the long run better results than any war. But since by no desire of ours the war has come, it is our emphatic will, that, so far as possible, it shall make a clean end of these questions. They are not the concerns with which any really civilized race in Europe wishes to be busy. They are an obstacle to progress, alike in the internal life of States, and in the effort to construct some federal whole from our anarchical European system. Since the war has made them an issue, let us have done with them all for good. When once you have begun to treat by surgery a disease which might have been cured by medicine, success depends on a clean operation. On

a continent where almost any war must be a universal war, one aggrieved and ambitious race may suffice to renew the conflagration. The war which began at Belgrade last August might be renewed at Sofia some few years hence. In so far as vexed claims of nationality were the cause of this war (for there were other causes), we must aim at their complete removal. A clearance which is less than complete may do much for the races which benefit by it, but it might fail to do anything adequate for peace.

The Balkan Peninsula is still what it has been since 1854, the chief focus of unrest and uncertainty. Of the Roumanians we need not speak; their future is in their own hands, and they have the military power to solve it. One hopes for the future of the East, not only that they will succeed in liberating their kinsmen under Hungarian rule, but also that Russia may of her own goodwill complete their national unity by restoring Bessarabia to them. The Serbs have probably in front of them the hardest task which they have yet had to face, since the new army which is preparing to invade them is German as well as Austrian. But a victory for the Allies, whatever may happen locally, will assuredly bring to Serbia a great extension of territory. The least which anyone suggests she can obtain is Bosnia and Herzegovina, with an outlet to the Adriatic. The question of how much or how little is here, however, of the gravest consequence. To our thinking, half-measures are in such matters the worst policy of all. Two solutions might be final—an Allied victory which gave all the Serbs to Serbia, or a German victory which incorporated all the Serbs, with full Home Rule, in the Austrian Empire. To give half the Serbs to Serbia, while leaving the other half to Austria, or giving some of them to Italy, would merely be to prepare the war of the day after to-morrow. Those young races do not think of war, as even the most bellicose of West Europeans think of it, as an evil which may be necessary. They contemplate it without misgiving, and would prepare for it without remorse. An enlarged Serbia, strengthened by the doubling of her present territory, would attract the other Serb lands, Croatia, Slavonia, and Dalmatia, as certainly as the Kingdom of Savoy attracted Sicily and Naples.

Everyone admits that Serbia must this time win access to the sea. Let her win it through the Serb lands. It is a mistake to regard the Dalmatian coast as primarily Italian. It is hardly less Serbian than Belgrade; it is far more Serbian than Uskub. Ragusa was, indeed, the one centre in which a Serbian culture survived amid all the darkness and terror of Turkish dominion. This coast ought to fall to Serbia, first of all on the straight principle of nationality, and secondly because the suggested alternative is a gross violation of nationality. We are no longer sure that the Albanians have the power to build up a national state unaided; but if they must be controlled and "protected," it ought to be by a people further removed from them by a superior and older culture than the Serbs. The Serbs are a gifted and attractive race, with a promising future, but their strong point is not yet tolerance, or mercy, or self-control. It would be infinitely better to

make Albania an Italian protectorate than a Serbian province. Durazzo, moreover, is an execrable port, and could be linked up with the rest of Serbia only at vast expense. Our programme must be "the Serb lands and the Serb ports for the Serbians," for the failure to realize it will inevitably make future trouble and perhaps future wars between Italy, Austria, and Serbia.

We are the more anxious that Serbian ambitions should be satisfied in the natural direction, because such a settlement would alone make it possible to meet the Bulgarian claim to Macedonia. Opinion in this country is in no need of enlightenment on the facts. The population of this great region, which fell to Serbia as the prize of the second Balkan War, is overwhelmingly Bulgarian, and the minorities in it are not Serbian, but Albanian and Vlach. It is, moreover, suffering, as the report of the Carnegie Commission proves, under a harsh system of repression and forcible assimilation. We should, for our part, feel little confidence in the durability of any peace which failed to give Central Macedonia, including Monastir, to the Bulgars. The arguments for any other allocation will disappear when Serbia obtains access to the Adriatic. That these populations should be sacrificed because Serbia needed a free road to the sea at Salonica was never, to our thinking, justifiable; but it was intelligible. This arrangement will lose all meaning when the Serbs recover Cattaro and Ragusa. The Greeks have argued that for military reasons they must at some point maintain touch with the Serbs. That argument has force only so long as Greeks and Serbs are together repressing the legitimate aspirations of Bulgarian nationality. A settlement which finally enacted a national partition would render such military considerations unimportant. But it is possible to meet this Greek wish without sacrificing to it the wishes of the whole of Central Macedonia. If Serbia were allowed to keep Dibra and Okhrida (which are mixed Bulgarian and Albanian districts), and with them the narrow strip of land between Lakes Okhrida and Prespa, a line of communication would be maintained. It would give a bad and artificial frontier, but it would not involve the sacrifice of a whole population to military exigencies. Bulgaria ought not to press her demand for the port of Kavala, and Greece, we hope, will be backed in her claims to all the Ægean islands. It is probably inevitable now that she will keep Southern Epirus, and for our part we would urge that Cyprus should be ceded to her. In every ambition which has the sanction of nationality behind it, she ought to find in this country her supporter and her friend. But we cannot be partisans. It is for the sake of future peace, and in the name of national right, that we support Serbian and Greek claims. The same considerations make us equally insistent that the rights of the Bulgarian population shall be respected.

We have urged these considerations at this moment because the approach of a renewed Austro-German offensive against Serbia again renders the whole posture of the campaign in the Near East precarious. A heavy Serbian defeat might destroy the hope of Roumanian intervention, and put a strain on Bulgarian neutrality. The common interests of the Allies seem to us to demand

a far more definite and serious effort than their diplomacy has yet made to arrange the Bulgarian difficulty. The Serbian Government urges that it dare not yield Macedonia for fear of Serbian public opinion. Recent disputes have made Russia unwilling to use her influence to aggrandize Bulgaria. Bulgaria, on her side, will not join the Allied camp without an explicit understanding that Central Macedonia, including Monastir, shall fall to her share in the event of victory. To that promise we hold her entitled. No state in her situation could possibly trust to luck or to the vague benevolence of the Powers. It would be easy for Serbia to yield to their will, though it may be difficult for her to make a direct concession to Bulgaria. Here is a task which our impartial diplomacy might well undertake; we go further in thinking that to neglect it may involve grave peril. The immediate fortunes of the war in the East depend upon it, and to far-sighted men there is also involved the future peace of the East. To satisfy Bulgaria is to set in motion forces which would end the war promptly; to fail to satisfy her may well be to risk a serious rebuff to the Allied cause throughout the Balkans.

THE WAR AND THE LABORER.

MICHELET told an apochryphal story of Pitt that in the great duel with France the manufacturers came to him, and said they could not afford to pay the wages their workmen wanted, and that Pitt gave the terrible answer, "Take the children." The story is not true in fact, but it gives a graphic summary of the industrial revolution in its early stages. It is a warning for later times. In many country districts there is at present a deficiency of agricultural labor, and the letters published in the newspapers show that there is a disposition in the employing class to conclude that we must either let the land go out of cultivation or sacrifice the children. We are sorry to see that the Council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture passed a resolution at their meeting this week accepting this dilemma, and asking that children of twelve years of age should be put at the disposal of the farmer. Let us see what this means. And, first, we must not be misled by the analogy of France. If all the peasants in a country are in the trenches, their wives and their children must look after their farms. But that is not our case. The men who go to the front from our villages are wage laborers; they do not leave their own farms, but they leave the service of an employer. This is a distinction of the utmost importance. Moreover, they are not, as in France, all summoned by law. We do not want an army embracing the whole able-bodied population, for the simple reason that if such an army sprang from the ground at this moment, we could not supply it with officers, rifles, uniforms, or boots. A scientific recruiting policy will therefore take some account of national necessities, and the view taken of those necessities by the Government is shown by the anxiety of the War Office to interfere as little as possible with the educational arrangements of the country.

Now, it is one thing for the peasant to say "I am going to the front, and my wife and children are going to look after my farm." It is quite another for the

employer to say to the State, "There are not enough agricultural laborers to do my work, and I want therefore to use their children." For the State will obviously reply that the first thing to be done is to inquire into the cause of that deficiency, and the measures taken by the employer to remedy it. In this case, there are two important truths to be kept in mind about the industry that complains of this deficiency. The first is that it is extraordinarily prosperous; the second is that politicians of all parties are agreed that it pays inadequate wages. If, then, we merely reply that the education of children of twelve shall be suspended in order to provide more labor for the farms, we shall do what our forefathers did—we shall make a present to the employers at the expense of the child-population, and enable them to keep down the standard of wages, which is universally admitted to be unduly low.

The Government, as everybody knows, produced an agrarian programme some eighteen months ago which included the fixing of a minimum wage. Nobody asks that the Government should proceed with that programme at this moment, but it is important to remember that all political parties were more or less in agreement to the extent of approving the adoption of machinery for fixing a minimum wage in some counties. With this in mind, let us consider the proposals made by the Board of Agriculture, which were discussed by the Council of the Chambers of Agriculture this week. The Board of Agriculture suggested that a committee should be set up in each county consisting of the committees of the Chambers of Agriculture, the local branches of the Farmers' Union, and of the Divisional Officers or other accredited representatives of the Labor Exchange Department. One extraordinary omission in this programme will occur to everybody. Nine out of ten of the persons concerned in agriculture in each county are unrepresented, and the whole question is treated as if the measures to be adopted merely affected the employing class. The assumption which underlies and explains so much of English history, that the agricultural laborer is a person for whom other classes make arrangements, his task being to adapt himself to those arrangements when made, is here set out plainly and openly. Fortunately, this omission can quickly be remedied by adding to those bodies representatives of the Agricultural Laborers' Unions, and such County Committees can be formed without delay. If it is suggested that there might be disinclination on the part of the other bodies to accept representatives of the laborers, we shall reply that it is inconceivable that at this time of crisis, when all classes are working together in various ways, any set of men could be found who would be false to this spirit of solidarity and decline to treat the laborers as their fellow Englishmen.

When these Committees are formed, they can give the Government a great deal of indispensable information. The first facts to be ascertained are the facts concerning wages. Prices have gone up, say, three or four shillings in the pound; the profits of the industry are good, and in some cases remarkably good; labor is deficient. Have wages risen? How much have they risen? Have they risen enough to cover the cost of

living? Where have they risen? These are the first questions to be answered, and it should be the duty of the Labor Exchange officials in each county, making use of these Committees, of the advertisements in local papers, of the facts given to them by farmers applying for labor, and of other sources, to procure this information as soon as possible. If there is a shortage of labor, it may be due to one of two causes, or to the two causes in combination. It may be that of the men who are available for agriculture, more have enlisted than can be spared; it may be, again, that there are enough eligible men, and that the employer in this industry refuses to make his employment sufficiently attractive to them. It may be, that is, that labor is scarce because the farmer only wants cheap labor. In this connection it must be remembered that in some parts of England an alternative employment has been introduced for the first time in the building of soldiers' huts. And here we have to reckon with an old traditional dread of raising wages, which is regarded as a dangerous breach of custom and of the regular life of the farm that distinguishes farming from other employments in which normal economic forces operate more immediately and more openly. When this information is obtained, it will be a comparatively simple process to schedule agriculture if and where it is found necessary under the Trade Boards Act, and we shall be in a position to create the Boards in the several counties. We hope that when Parliament meets there will be sufficient vigilance to prevent the Government and the educational authorities from taking what would be a false and fatal step. In the interests of the nation as a combatant needing the economy and development of all its resources, and in the interests of the nation as a civilized society looking to its life to-morrow and to the generations of the future, it is imperative that nothing should be done at this moment to weaken and depress still further the power and the vitality of the agricultural laborer. The proposal to "take the children" can have no other effect. If there is one industry that can afford to maintain its laborers at the higher scale of living imposed by war prices, it is the industry that finds itself enriched by the needs of the nation.

THE BATTLE OF DREADNOUGHTS.

It is a full century since fighting at sea entered intimately into our history, and played its passionate part in the emotional life of the nation. Only historians trouble to remember the share of the Navy in the Crimean War, and few of us have visualized the battles of other peoples, Lissa, Santiago, or Tsushima, as we visualize Trafalgar and the Nile. A naval battle, when it does come at last, has all the elements of surprise, and the imagination refuses at first to accept it as the equivalent of the old classical encounters. Some ancestral instinct in us calls out for the stately dressed lines of the old battles, the slow and majestic advance, the encounter of two enemies who deliberately advance against each other. These old battles did not differ in principle from an old-fashioned battle on land. We have now to adjust ourselves to a "battle" which

ranges over a hundred miles of sea in three or four hours, between ships which no more dream of standing still, than would aeroplanes engaged in a struggle in the clouds. There is no longer any analogy between the land battle and the sea battle. To conceive anything comparable on land, one would have to imagine fast armoured trains racing at high speed over parallel railway lines, and shelling each other over a width of two or three parishes. That analogy breaks down only because the ships do not move on fixed tracks. To visualize this modern encounter, one must acquire the telescopic eye. The main facts about this kind of battle are that ships may begin to injure each other effectively at a range of ten miles, that they do all their fighting while their engines are moving at a speed of anything up to thirty miles an hour, and that a "battle" fought on these principles requires all the sea-room that the North Sea can give it. Sunday's encounter was the first meeting in history between ships of the "Dreadnought" era. We had indeed capital ships at Heligoland and the Falkland Isles, but they were not matched against their equals. The "Goeben," moreover, in her Black Sea battle was faced only by older and inferior Russian vessels. In this battle for the first time the new monsters were exhibited under conditions which tested their capacities. One watches their performance with all the more curiosity because we are not at all sure that their place in naval warfare is going to be permanent. The most significant fact about this battle is that it was "broken off" by the appearance on the scene of German submarines. It is much as if two great forces of old-world medieval horsemen had chased each other, only to find the battle stopped at the end by a line of infantrymen with pikes.

The encounter was from start to finish a success for Admiral Beatty's squadron. It began with the abandonment by the Germans of the object, whatever it may have been, on which they had set out. If they were bent on shelling some Scottish or English port on a Sabbath morning, they declined to fight for the right to carry out this enterprise. But while we register this initial surrender of their object, which meant in one sense the acceptance from the start of defeat, it must not be supposed that their retreat was a resourceless flight, or that they abandoned all hope of achieving anything when they steamed away at full speed to escape from Admiral Beatty's squadron. Two essential facts governed their tactics. The land tactician must learn to take advantage of position in the sense of the peculiarities of the ground. The sea-tactician has to think, not merely of winning for himself the advantages of wind and sun, but also of securing such a course relatively to the enemy as will enable him to bring his maximum gunfire to bear. The German ships were in general inferior to ours in number, to a slight extent in speed, and also in gun-power. They carried 12-in. and 11-in. guns, against our 13.5-in. and 12-in. guns, while the "Blücher," a ship of the transitional pre-Dreadnought period, had nothing heavier than 8-in. guns.

But in one position this inferiority could be overcome. When the German sterns faced our bows, they could bring twenty-six heavy guns to bear against

our twenty-four. Their naval architects had built them evidently with the idea that they might be specially serviceable in a rear-guard action. To meet this peculiarity, Admiral Beatty would try to overhaul the enemy on a parallel course, since in this position he might eventually hope to bring a broadside to bear. He steered to the southward of the enemy, no doubt with the object of heading him off from his own coasts. Here, however, the second point in German tactics came in. They knew that there was a prepared mine-field, on which our ships might have been driven, if Admiral Beatty had not a proper vein of caution to qualify his dash and enterprise. There was also a flotilla of submarines in waiting, on which the Germans manifestly aimed at retreating.

The Admiral's full written despatch may tell us much more of the action than we know at present. But certain conclusions emerge quite clearly already. In the first place, without disparaging the enemy, it is pretty evident that our sailors have the superiority over him in seamanship and in gunnery. The battle was not won by numbers. The brunt of it fell on the "Lion" and "Tiger," which were engaged alone during the greater part of it, with the whole German squadron. They managed to put three of the enemy's four capital ships practically out of action, and they were not themselves so hammered in the process as to be seriously injured. The shot which injured the "Lion's" engines by smashing her condensing tube, was clearly a stroke of luck, and it is not unlikely that it came from one of the smaller German craft. The German battle-cruisers, in short, were not able by their gunnery to defend themselves effectively. What they might have done at a lesser range is a matter of speculation; the action began at ten miles, and there was never less than eight miles between the ships. Between seamanship, gunnery, and the advantage of slightly heavier guns, it is a fair conclusion that our vessels, ship for ship, are something more than equal to the Germans.

There are some other conclusions. If modern gunfire is very deadly, and capable even at high speed and extreme range of an almost magical accuracy, it is also fairly clear that capital ships, though they may be terribly injured, are not easily sunk by gunfire alone. It was apparently a torpedo which in the end disposed of the "Blücher." In the second place, we are brought up once more against Sir Percy Scott's predictions. He certainly overstated his case. A capital ship moving at high speed is evidently fairly safe against a submarine. Even when she is injured as the "Lion" was, and incapable of high speed, she can be protected by destroyers, which circle round her. The fact none the less remains that submarines, which have secured the advantage of position, can prohibit the further action of capital ships. They are becoming the infantry of the sea, with its disadvantage of relative immobility and more than its advantage of deadliness on the defensive. It was not the temporary disabling of the "Lion" which brought the action to a close. The remaining four ships were still far more than a match for the remaining German three. They had to draw off presumably because submarines were across their course, and in such numbers

that they could not certainly be dodged. The victory lacked ideal completeness, since the injured enemy cruisers were not sunk, but a ship which remains afloat may none the less be out of action for some months to come. There will, at all events, be no more trips to Scarborough until spring is past. The navy has established its superiority in the open sea. The submarine may indeed compel us eventually to revise all our conceptions of sea-warfare and all our traditions of construction, but this war has luckily come upon us before its power had been fully evolved.

A London Diary.

THERE has been of late a strain of random talk of peace which has centred in the ideas of a separate Russo-German understanding and of a German offer of the *status quo ante* (with exceptions). Neither is of any substance. The first came partly from Count Witte's exploits and explorations, which have now, I imagine, a somewhat limited range, and partly from Scandinavian sources; the second from rumors of a Socialist break-away from the official German attitude, and a hint that though it might not be possible for Germany to evacuate Belgium, she might withdraw from some of it, provided she retained Antwerp. As that would be equivalent to "retaining" not only Belgium but Holland, to say nothing of an indefinite war with this country, one can only say that if these advances are made, or suggested, they come from people who scent a German defeat and would prepare for it. It is well to assume that all this speculation arises in advance of the slow, sure march of facts. They, I think, march well, so far as the judgment of the military men at the head is concerned. But we have still some critical events before us, such as the second Austro-German invasion of Serbia, and until we learn their issue we have nothing in the shape of a worked-out problem before us.

PROBABLY of the factors necessary to such an issue one of the most useful would be a certain firmness of touch in our statesmanship in the Near East. Much in the Balkan situation depends on Bulgaria. She holds Servia and Roumania in check; and she has never, so far as I hear, varied her request for a definite offer. Its essence was and is—Bulgarian Macedonia, subject to modification in detail. She hardly expects to get this as the result of a direct bargain with Belgrade or Bucharest; and she would be happier if she thought her case were fairly stated through the British representative at Sofia. But good observers have always held to the view that a bargain can be struck from without, with a revival of the Balkan League as its happy conclusion. It so happens that the diplomacy of the Allies has never been able to clinch the situation at the point at which it was locally drawing to an issue.

THE engagement in the North Sea has made our sailors very happy if only because it has almost settled a question which has been very much in debate since the

war broke out. The personal equation has always lain behind the competition in ships and guns. Who was the better man—the German or the British sailor? The authorities have very rightly taken a sober view. I doubt whether they have ever thought it safe to reckon a German unit as inferior to the corresponding British unit. Now they have good reason to reassert the traditional British superiority. Man for man, gunner for gunner, seaman for seaman, we come out first. Our ships are better manœuvred and better fought. At no time during the battle were the British battle-cruisers within less than eight miles of the enemy. It is astonishing to think what our gunnery achieved under conditions in which the battle was virtually sustained by the "Lion" and "Tiger" alone. The German squadron was within an ace of destruction when the "Lion's" condenser was hit; as it is, it is probably out of action for many weeks. In bravery it is wise to strike an equal balance, but not in seamanship, or the higher qualities of command—that fine mixture of dash and prudence which the big actions of the war (with one exception) have developed in our commanders.

A RECENT visitor to Brussels spoke to me with great admiration of the demeanor of the people. They have gained greatly, he thinks, in nobility of character and demeanor; the war has been a moral revival for them. Their attitude to the Germans is perfect. They are neither insolent nor petty; they simply ignore the existence of the invading army. German officers are not saluted in the streets; they are passed as if they were shadows or invisible men. They are much annoyed and chagrined, but they do not openly resent; indeed, they have thought it wise to add a late hint of clemency to the occupation. The work of the Judiciary, for instance, is left in the hands of the Belgians, who administer it in the name, not of Kaiser William, but of King Albert.

THERE is some danger lest in the multiplicity of the philanthropies of the time the greatest of them all should be forgotten. This is Mr. Hoover's American Commission for the feeding of the starving Belgians. I don't know anything quite comparable with it as a work of rapid and brilliant organization and of the fine personal service which has inspired it. The Commission has had to deal with over a million starving people, scattered over a country held in ruthless occupation by a vigilant enemy. In all, it has had to find about a million and a-half a week by loan or gift. It has had to import its supplies from America, distribute them, and see that they were not impounded by the German armies. It is really a miracle of diplomacy that its director should hitherto have managed to maintain its credit and its resources, and to ensure by adroit diplomacy that in East Belgium at least the German commanders do not intercept the food for their own troops or neutralize the gifts by requisitions. There is more to be done; but have we played our part? The Government have, I gather, made one grant of £100,000. That amounts to a confession of obligation, but hardly to substantial help.

How can we refuse this from the moment when we are assured that these supplies actually reach the mouths for which they are meant? The plea that there is indirect help to the occupying armies would avail if we had reason to think that the Germans would keep these starving thousands alive. It fails from the moment when we become reasonably certain that they will not.

AMONG the prophets who foresaw this war and its causes, as I am reminded, was a writer called "Outidanos," better known by the name of Gladstone. Writing on the conclusion of the Triple Alliance (Italy's appearance in which he vehemently deplored as "a gigantic piece of political tomfoolery"), that far-visioned man used the following words: "The best and purest principle of the foreign policy of this country is that it has been directed to upholding the independence of the secondary Powers. It is among the virtues of England to cherish a ready indignation against the oppression of the weak; and a just cause for the intervention of England in the next great European struggle is perhaps as likely to proceed from this quarter as from any other." True, another source of danger was admitted to lie in the doctrine of the balance of power, but a less remote cause, as Gladstone emphatically put it, and one which made a more legitimate appeal to British feeling than the possible tyranny of some one of the great Powers over the rest, was "the spoliation or absorption of smaller Powers, the national existence of Belgium." Yet the Bethmann-Hollwegs of our time seem to imagine that this was a principle of British policy of which the world had never heard till it was invented by Sir Edward Grey last August!

It would have been rather preposterous if the political truce had been permitted to hinder Mr. Gulland's well-deserved promotion. At one time, I gather, there was some danger of the kind, not indeed of a very formidable character, yet substantial enough to show that if it had the power, a certain type of Toryism (mainly Scottish), would still be prepared to push an old and better-forgotten feud to extremes. In his personal as well as his official relations with the general body of his opponents, Mr. Gulland has usually been fortunate enough, and I do not imagine that the Opposition will find him less tactful as a bargainer than either of his immediate predecessors. He is, I suppose, the most democratic Whip, in a special sense, that we have had since Tom Ellis's time, a Radical with rather more "isms" than angles to his credit in past years than Mr. Illingworth might have cared to acknowledge, combined, however, with an essential fairness of mind and enlightenment of view which should enable him to carry on the broader traditions of his office.

MR. BREITUNG, the purchaser of the "Dacia," is not himself in the shipping business, and that fact makes his association with the transfer a little suspicious, as does his close connection with bankers and financiers who are quite indubitably and actively German. His German association comes through his wife.

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

HAS ANGELLISM COLLAPSED?

It is a strange notion that the doctrines of which Mr. Norman Angell has been the leading exponent have been exploded by the events of the last half-year. This notion rests on three misconceptions: first, that Norman Angellism pronounced war to be impossible; secondly, that it taught that nations went to war exclusively for economic ends; thirdly, that it assigned to mere ideas and sentiments a power which the "stern realities" of statecraft show to be insignificant. In his new volume ("Prussianism and its Destruction," Heinemann) the most brilliant of modern pamphleteers answers these charges, and carries the war into the enemies' camp by showing what Prussianism really means, and how it can only be killed by the application of the doctrines which his critics imagine to be exploded by the war.

The charge that Norman Angell stood for the impossibility, or even the improbability, of just such a war as this is really absurd. For the entire object of "The Great Illusion" was to expose the misconceptions of militarism and statecraft regarding the national benefits which force was able to secure. False ideas regarding the political and economic power of nations, and the means by which war feeds this lust of power, were shown to be directly responsible for the armaments which modern European nations were engaged in piling up, and which moved directly towards catastrophe. So long as the idea prevailed that nations were essentially antagonistic in their political and economic interests, and that one nation could benefit its citizens by using armed force to damage the citizens of another nation, Mr. Angell showed wars to be not only possible but certain. The outbreak of last August was the strongest corroboration of this teaching.

Equally unfounded is the charge that Norman Angell teaches the "sordid" doctrine that nations always make war to gain an economic end. This war, at any rate, it is contended, disposes of that fallacy. But here we are confronted by a double error. In the first place, Norman Angell never taught that militarism rested merely on hopes of commercial gain. The lust of power which it expresses was recognized to be a highly composite sentiment, into which several different ambitions and interests entered, the pugnacity of Junkerdom, the craving for expansion, the pressure for new markets. Mr. Angell did, indeed, lay chief emphasis upon the moulding and directing influence which false conceptions of industry and commerce exercised in the play of foreign policy. For modern history shows that financial and trade interests are of great importance in the conduct of wars; no wars would take place if the business classes of each nation threw their weight solidly against militarism. The so-called "colonial policy" of Germany, which incited her to competitive shipbuilding and rivalry with Great Britain, was primarily due to fears lest her growing manufactures should be cramped for markets by the great world-empires of other nations with their protective barriers. Our Free Trade policy yielded her no reason for her fears. But they were clearly engendered by the Tariff Reform movement of the last ten years. "We must have a fleet to protect our commerce, and, if necessary, to secure colonies and markets" was the leading argument by which ambitious soldiers and statesmen

won the final support of the great manufacturers and traders of Germany. To this extent the economic interpretation of this fateful page of history is justified.

But Norman Angell never argued that States live and move and have their being in trade alone. He finds in the concept of a State a nest of noxious fallacies. One of them is the idea, which forms the third charge against Angellism, that ideas and sentiments are out of place in the world of "Real Politik" of which war is the quintessence. To the refutation of this charge, Mr. Angell brings a strong array of arguments. Here, as elsewhere, he shows by analyzing "Prussianism" that it is in origin, in nature, and in activity, the product of wrong thinking and false sentiment. Fastening upon the meaning of State, he indicates the train of follies which attend the endowment of States with a personality and a life of which "power," military, economic, and "moral," is the appropriate expression. Transmute peoples, with their needs and desires for friendly co-operation, into self-existent, independent, absolute States, with no final obligations towards one another, but living each in splendid isolation and concerned merely with the realization of power, you inevitably produce the relations of jealousy, suspicion, enmity, which express themselves in imperialism, protection, militarism, short-lived alliances, balances of power, and war. So far from the realities of war being removed from the world of sentiments and ideas, they consist in the last analysis of nothing else than false notions and the passions which these notions discharge into the world of action.

It is for this reason that "Prussianism" cannot be killed merely by breaking the aims of Prussia. For Prussianism is ultimately the name and the classic warning and example of this compost of wrong thinking and feeling that has gathered round a State, conceived as an instrument of power. This false view has obtained its worst and most exaggerated shape in modern Germany. But it cannot be expelled even from Germany, much less from Europe, merely by armed force. For you do not kill a false idea by killing any number of its blind exponents. You can only displace a wrong idea by a right idea. Now, there is a true and serviceable idea of the State as the expression of a people's will through its political institutions and conduct. To the realization of that idea, the peoples of civilized countries are gradually advancing. As Mr. Thomas Hardy says:—

"The pale anæmic peoples still plod on
Through hoodwinkings to light."

Mr. Angell sometimes speaks as if the meaning and use of a State were weakening with modern world intercourse, and were destined to disappear. We think he is here misled by his antagonism to the present structure of most States. The State, as the embodiment of political nationalism, may some day yield before the growing form of international federation. But in our day the State is coming to mean more, not less, than formerly, and to increase rather than diminish its services to the cause of individual development. Democracy alone, however, can expel from the State the false concepts which have converted Statecraft in its wider activities into so perilous an art. It is not necessary to deprecate the State, or treat it as a false abstraction, because in evil hands it has been put to bad uses. It is only necessary to de-Prussianize the meaning and purpose of the State, so that peoples in their State-life shall live in harmony and co-operation with one another. This change is essentially a change of ideas, and it must

be wrought, not only in Germany, but in France and England and Russia. For each country has its Prussians. When Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, for instance, writes the following sentence, the spirit that he expresses is purely Prussian, and might have stepped straight from the pages of Treitschke: "The mark of the State is sovereignty, or the identification of force and right, and the measure of the perfection of the State is furnished by the completeness of this identification." Unless this spirit can be exorcised from Europe, and can be replaced by a true idea of the nature of the State, Mr. Angell is right in holding that no schemes for arbitration or disarmament can create and maintain a society of nations.

A FRENCH "DIRECTOR."

"UNE très belle et très curieuse figure de prêtre, où la plus séduisante originalité contribuait d'ailleurs à mettre en relief la plus évidente supériorité morale." Thus a writer in the "Figaro" described a once well-known figure in Paris life, the late Abbé Huvelin, and though his death occurred some time ago, the memory of his exceptional character is worth reviving in an hour when Catholicism claims to have recovered some of its "directing" influence on the French character. It is seldom that opinion is so unanimous as in its judgment on this remarkable man. To the lay mind—and the French mind is peculiarly lay—a priest inhabits an alien and uncongenial world. The position either of a professional wonder-worker or of a professional moralist is difficult; and the proneness of the clergy to subside, according to circumstances, into the one or the other is sufficient to account for the general estimate formed of them as a class. It accounts also for the vividness of the impression made by the very exceptional man in whom the idea of the office is realized. Priesthood is, indeed, a temperament rather than an order. A girl may have it, a bishop be without it; it is independent of calling or sex. But when the outward sign and the inward grace meet in one person, the result is the finest flower of religion; we are sensible of what St. Paul, by a strong metaphor, calls "the good odor of Christ." Such was the Abbé Huvelin, a man in whom those who were privileged to know him—they were of all creeds and of all classes—recognized the qualities which form the conception of a saint. It is a rare combination. The qualities in themselves are exceptional, and those who unite them are few.

His intellectual distinction was singular. A Platonist born, one of the most brilliant scholars of the Ecole Normale, the ecclesiastical career, which was that of his choice, lay open before him. His was not, indeed, the type of the official ecclesiastic. But the Church can still use a saint as a parade figure. A Francis is a cloak for an Elias, an Ignatius for a Lainez. There were few positions to which, had his mind been set that way, he might not have aspired. But, saint as he was, he had nothing either of the simpleton or the fanatic; he was shrewd, and he took the measure of men. The material side of life meant little to him, and he had no mind to be a decoy-duck or an instrument in others' hands. From the first, the work to which he set himself was the guidance of souls. This work, as he understood it, required personal effacement; his life was spent as a simple *vicar*, or curate, first at St. Eugène, and afterwards at St. Augustin; an honorary canonry of Paris was the one nominal dignity which he held.

The idea of what is called Direction is alien from the modern, and, in particular, from the English, mind. We have gone too far in this direction; men are, and cannot but be, influenced by their fellow-men. In religion, in particular, the reserve which has become second nature to so many is mischievous. Friendship is not a thing to be dissipated on trivialities. There are times when, on the serious side of life, the judgment and sympathy of another are called for, when we need the friendly voice and hand. For want of them come many mistakes which might have been avoided, and much loss that need not and should not have been incurred. The director is not necessarily a priest; but a priest is not disqualified for direction by his office; were it not that direction has been degraded from a charisma to a system, he would often be the most obvious and accessible guide. The ultimate responsibility for the act rests, of course, with the individual conscience. "I speak as unto wise men; judge what I say."

It was in this large sense that M. Huvelin construed his functions; anything less like the smooth and sinuous director, whether of fiction or of real life, could not be conceived. His services were not sought only by members of his own Church; Jews, Protestants, sceptics of every sort and kind, had recourse to him; nor were his clients confined to one type, religious or social. Workmen and men of the world, priests and students, servants and great ladies, French and foreign, met on his narrow stair. The features of his direction were directness, intuition, and complete absence of routine. "Are you displeased with me because I am not a Catholic?" he was asked by a Protestant. But the thin unction of the proselytiser was foreign to him. "What does that matter to me?" he asked almost impatiently; he lived on a higher plane than that of sect.

With Catholics, even, his counsels had little reference to confession; he looked not to the surface of character, but to its roots. Often, after hearing a confession full of what would be called grave matter, he would not say a word on the avowal, passing behind it to points of which the penitent had said nothing, and which were not matter for confession, but in which he saw the key to the inner self. What he did not say was many a time more significant than what he said. Each was the unexpected. Action, he never forgot, is to a great extent a thing of circumstances; a man is at once more and less than what he does. Like the holy Curé d'Ars, he had the discernment of spirits; explain it as we will, he read men's hearts. He could not do this at will, or in all cases, and he attributed the power in great part to experience of men and quick observation. But he believed, and those who had had experience of it believed with him, that at times the knowledge came to him directly. He was a psychic, and his mind worked on psychic lines. The writer has known persons the reverse of superstitious who were so convinced of his illumination that they would take no important step in life in opposition to his advice.

He was one of the few priests of high attainments who were comparatively untouched by the Modernist controversy. That this was so was due mainly to temperament. He was a born mystic. The symbol, as such, meant so little to him that he could not quite understand the ardor with which others defended or attacked it; by a homing instinct he went straight to the truth that lay behind the sign. Of the Ultramontanist dominant in the Church—the "insolent and aggressive faction," as Newman called it—he thought

and felt with the great Cardinal; he had "not so learned Christ." But the arid dialectic of the Modernists chilled him. If a man could not adopt his own mystical standpoint, he had rather, for his soul's good—this was the one end that he had in view—see him a Christian outside the Church than a rebel or a *frondeur* within. To a friend whose reversion from Rome to Protestantism a word from him, had he chosen to say it, might have hindered, he sent an emphatic message: "Tell him that I am in no sort or way separated from him." To the question of the octogenarian Père Hyacinthe, "What would you do if I were dying and you were with me?" he answered, "C'est tout simple. Je me contenterais de vous dire, *Proficiscere anima Christiana*"—the prayer in the Catholic ritual for the departing soul. Like every spiritual genius, he was intolerant and slightly contemptuous of ecclesiastical punctilio. When Littré was on his deathbed, he baptized him on the strength of a conditional request and act of faith. "As I would not displease the Supreme Being, if there be one, or Jesus, if He be His Incarnate Word, I am willing to receive the baptism which He instituted and commissioned His Church to hand down." It is doubtful whether his action was theologically defensible, but the authorities—it was before Pius X.—did not interfere. The way in which he received the congratulations which poured in upon him was characteristic. "Are you not happy to-day, M. l'Abbé?" "Yes. Blanchette (his cat) has presented me with kittens." He had a vein at once of irony and of diplomacy. But his irony was of the kindest and his diplomacy of the most sincere.

He learned to the full the lessons which are learned, and perhaps can only be learned, by suffering. For years he was the victim of a painful form of rheumatic gout, which confined him to his room, and often to his chair. It was here that of late years his Apostolate was exercised. He was seldom able either to officiate or to preach. Some two years ago his long sufferings came to an end.

IN SEARCH OF A CLIMATE.

FATHER is an English farmer. We asked Young Hopeful what father did on wet days. His reply was:—"Sits in his chair and reads about Uganda." Poor man; he must have done a great deal of reading lately. Every time the rain comes pouring down in that unoriginal, shameless way it has, he declares that the last atrocity settles it, that he really will wind up his affairs, realize his capital, and go to a place where the sun shines, where everything we touch is not bearded with mould and reeking with damp, where grain can grow golden and be saved from the fields without boats, where men can live the life of men and not frogs. At any rate, he gets the consolation of a pleasant dream, when, turning his back to the streaming window and toasting his feet at a fire, he allows his book to take him to a high African plateau near the equator, where the sun is always in attendance, but a nearness to heaven tempers its warmth to that of an eternal ideal English summer. Even if the transplantation we contemplate is not done, it is pleasant on these rainy days to build our castles in the sun, and it is comforting to know that there is a court of appeal from these dreary scenes when they shall become quite unbearable.

Of course, it is not always Uganda. There are all

sorts of countries and all sorts of climates to choose from. Columbia we have heard of with a system of terracing so gradual all the way from the sea, that it is said that every climate that the world knows can be had within a few hundred miles. A friend in the hunting-field, who has been in many lands, says that Fiji is the best of them all. A sea-captain who has been round and round the world says that the Seychelle Islands are the true Garden of Eden. And then someone who knows nearly as much as they, comes down with the confident assertion that there is no climate the whole world over to compare for pleasure, health, and certainty with that of Old England. "Take England in April," he says. Having amended his specification with "some Aprils," we are smitten with the doubt that perhaps Fiji and the Seychelle Islands have been described to us as they appeared in the one month of the year that found them respectively at their best. Columbia, of course, is certain to be nice (in parts) all the year round, and every year, if we were able to trek up and down as each altitude came to its best. But the farmer is not looking for a nomad climate. He wants a place where he can be happy and prosperous every month.

Books of lion-hunters and globe-trotters will not lead us with certainty to the thing we want. There is nothing, if we can purge the mind of cynicism, like official guide-books to give us certainty about the points of a country. Collect literature from all those bright shops in London, whose windows look like a perpetual harvest-thanksgiving, and you will be filled with wonder at the beautiful world ours is, and at the way in which the outer British Empire coincides with all the best patches of climate and fertility. That is very largely the literature that our farmer friend is using as his antidote for rainy days. Your English farmer is not a greenhorn, and he does not fail to apply a liberal discount to the glowing story of nine-foot sorghum, four crops a year, amazing increase, and non-existent death-rate. But the sunshine remains free of discount, and he can still shake his fist at the mist-laden fields, and aver that he has a remedy against them.

It is not, of course, always Uganda. Just now it is another plateau country of fifty thousand square miles, say, twice the area of Great Britain. The white population is a couple of hundred, and the capital city is covered by about half-a-dozen galvanized iron roofs. The country has a rich soil, tropical fertility, for the equator is only ten degrees distant, and an elevation of six thousand feet above sea-level. That is just the kind of place that our English farmer with the migratory instinct wants. A place full of possibilities, but not yet discovered by a considerable number of rivals. Here he can have 60,000 acres of land for the rental of a small English farm. He has simply to lock up a little capital there, and in a few years his cattle will swarm like ants. It is a long way to the sea, but everyone is building railways now, and when the world learns that the beef it craves is there, it will gladly send and fetch it. In fact, the trouble is that a cold-storage station is already in the air. If we are not quick, prices will rise against us, and we shall fail to get in on the ground floor.

It is impossible that all the attractions of this far-away land of sunshine should be illusory. Many of them are attractions that appeal only to the elect, and that is explanation enough why they have not drawn the crowd. There are quite a number of people who prefer to live less than five hundred miles from the nearest railway station. There are some who would think lions, leopards, and crocodiles a positive drawback. They call

for vigilance on the part of a rancher, but what an air of spaciousness has a world wherein lions rank as vermin! How immense the pot of ointment when the fly in it is of such a size! How fine to say "A lion had a brace of my bullocks last night," instead of "Woe to us, for the fox has taken our best pullet"! There must be something in a climate that raises these monsters—lions instead of foxes, leopards instead of stoats, elands weighing half-a-ton instead of rabbits, elephants, giraffes, and hippopotami instead of rate-collectors, swine-inspectors, and insurance officials.

For the farmer is really the last of our barons. It is only of late years that his kingdom has been invaded, in which, if he had not actual right of gallows, he had an independence unlike that of any other citizen. Politically, economically, and socially he is being affected by an atmosphere that does not suit him. It is like that deadly principle called "osmosis," whereby a freshwater organism in a bath of salt-water has to come to the same pitch of saltiness, and so perhaps perish. The grievances of the farmer are neither imaginary nor few. They irritate even when they do not hurt, and it is not very easy to single out those that are legislative from those that are social or even climatic. They can be escaped in a lump, and something like the old baronial freedom recaptured by emigration to a new land. Annual income will be less; annual expenditure will sink to zero; stock will turn over at compound interest; and since the farmer's trade is the production of food, he will be living all the time on "the fat of the land." Not merely one sun but ten will shine in that new heaven, whereas they are all gloomily eclipsed here.

Still, we know at heart that there is only one sun. All the other troubles throng about us so heavily because of this damp and hopeless winter climate. They fly away, however real they may be, when the sky is blue, the earth is dry, and spring sunshine thrills through everything. We have not said that piping August days are still more exhilarating. A climate can be too golden. That wonderful plateau has its rainy seasons as well as its dry one, but its rainy season is not a bit like ours. After the daily shower, the sun comes out piping hot, like the beaming face of a gardener who has used the watering-pot, and put it definitely away. In other parts of the world the rain is still more sparing, and yet there is enough. It would be interesting for a change to fight against drought instead of against universal flood. Dry farming, whereby the rainfall of two years is made to serve for a single crop, has its fascinations by the fire-side when a previously drenched world is being swilled in an apparently endless south-wester.

There are some nice medium climates if they can be relied upon to stand the test of years. Ours at any rate is never failing for what it is. A timber company or two could soon ruin the nicely balanced climate even of a large country. Simoons are erratic, and it is possible for even a desert belt to shift and devastate a land of gardens. In Saskatchewan there was no rain at all for ten or twenty years. There was good ranching there in those days, and about the creeks there were fertile irrigated farms. For the last ten years, more or less, there have been regular rains, and people have flocked there to grow wheat. They are all likely to be ruined if the old dry climate returns. And so, if the guide-books cannot be believed in every word they say and leave unsaid, and if the very best weather of the very best lands cannot be guaranteed for many years to come, it may be as well to bear the ills we have. Especially as this seemingly abandoned day shows signs of a gleam of diffused sunshine.

Communications.

THE NEW SITUATION IN TURKEY.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—A new situation has been created in Turkey by the fact that her Government has been driven into war by Germany. During the last three months she has been financed by Germany. Her fleet is exclusively in German hands. Her army is under General von der Goltz, reputed to be the ablest of German strategists, who knows Turkey from end to end, and who drew up and published, fifteen years ago, the most trustworthy map of the Bosphorus and of the country to its east and west. Turkey has probably at least ten thousand Germans, soldiers and sailors, whom she introduced into the country between the end of August and the beginning of December. During the same period, and even before Sir Louis Mallet demanded his passports (October 30th), scores of floating mines had been introduced into the country through Rumania, and sent, some to the Dardanelles, and others to seaports on the Ægean, the Levant, and the Red Sea. With them came experts in their use. Add to these facts that it is now quite clear that, so far as Turkey was concerned, Germany had commenced her preparations for utilizing her as far back at least as the beginning of July, the "Imperiale" transport, laden with munitions of war, having arrived in the Bosphorus on or before July 20th, everything being done with the same care, forethought, and attention to details which has characterized her warfare, and it will be recognized that the entry of Turkey into the war introduced a serious factor into the European problem. The allies are no longer fighting Turkey only, but Turkey and Germany in Turkey. There was to be a combination of the well-known fighting qualities of the Turkish soldier with the highest military skill of Germany.

What is to be said against such combination? Certain considerations were probably overlooked by the Germans in their calculation. They have already learned that the military subordination which the German soldier is accustomed to will not be submitted to by the Turk. There is abundant evidence to show that neither the Turkish private soldier nor the officer get on well with the Germans. Before November was past, the man in the street had stories to tell of the arrogance of the German officer and the resentment he aroused among the Turks under him. On every hand there were signs of disagreement between Germans and Turks. Admiral Suchon, in command of the "Goeben," is reported to have threatened to destroy the Government buildings and knock the Sublime Porte about the ears of the ministers if they insisted upon sending him and his German crew away. Jemal Pasha resigned the Ministry of Marine because his authority was set at naught. General Leman von Sanders, who preceded von der Goltz, was on several occasions openly at variance with Enver Pasha, Minister of War, the latter resenting orders which had been given over his head. In the Imperial family such disapproval was expressed at Enver's adhesion to the German party that, in popular belief, if he had entered the palace he would have been detained, if not killed. With the aid of the Germans he succeeded, however, in driving Turkey into war and took command of the Army on the extreme east. It is difficult to learn the truth about what has gone on during the last three or four weeks. Enver has been variously reported as killed and as a fugitive. The first, and what was regarded as the most important, struggle of Turkey was against the Russian troops on the slopes of the Caucasus, whom he went to oppose. Allowing for very great exaggeration in the telegrams that have been pouring into this country during the last three weeks, the solid fact remains that the armies under Enver, led though they were by German officers, have suffered serious defeat. I suspect that, when the whole truth is known, it will be found that this was largely due to disputes between the Turks and the Germans. Fighting under their own leaders, the Turkish army would make stubborn resistance, but I predict that we shall find that many Turkish soldiers refused to fight the Russians, and possibly even went over to the side of the enemy. The army have never believed that the Germans were fighting for Turkey, but hold that they have been dragged into the war to fight for Germany.

Hostility between Germans and Turks has been constantly increasing. Reports have been telegraphed almost daily of disputes between them, of Germans who have been killed by the men under them, and of the kind of discord which is fatal to discipline. It was, indeed, mainly on account of such discord that von der Goltz, on December 10th entered Constantinople. The "Daily News" Cairo correspondent telegraphed on Sunday last that the life of von der Goltz had been attempted in Constantinople, and that he had been hit. The same correspondent reported that quarrels between Turkish and German officers were not unfrequent, and that in one of them a Turkish captain was killed and a German colonel wounded. This hostility exists throughout the country, and therefore the advent of the Germans has not been an unmixed advantage to the Turkish army, but rather the contrary.

I anticipated two months ago that the antagonism between the two races would increase, and it is certain to have largely increased by the defeats to the East of Erzeroum.

It will be interesting to see whether the expedition to Egypt will have a chance of success. It ought to be in full spring now. Every week's delay increases the difficulty of obtaining the necessary water between El-Arish and the Suez Canal, a distance of 110 miles. The season has been exceptionally moist, and at the present time a supply of water is said to be obtainable by digging in the desert a few feet below the surface. It is unlikely, however, that this will supply an army of men and camels of sufficient strength to reach the canal. On its eastern side there are a few villages, but these are almost exclusively supplied with water by pipes from the fresh-water canal leading from the Nile to Ismailia, and passing beneath the Suez Canal. The British have, therefore, only to turn off the tap, and the villagers themselves die of thirst. Nevertheless, on two occasions the desert has been successfully crossed by an army. In both cases the El-Arish—Kantara road has been taken. It remains to be seen whether twentieth-century science, employed by the able German strategists and experts, can accomplish the enormously greater feat of crossing the desert and the canal in face of British opposition. The Turkish army indicated as likely to be sent to Egypt is not composed of Turkey's best troops. It is reported also to contain many thousand Bedouins, the latter a fighting element of about as much or as little value as other untrained savages would be.

If I may venture upon a forecast of events in Turkey, it would be the following: The invasion of Egypt, in spite of the arrival already announced of a small band at Khartoum, will prove a fiasco. The discord between the Turks and the Germans will increase. The Turks will gain the upper hand. A revolution will follow which will expel the present Ministry. Enver Bey, if he is not already killed or a prisoner, will share the fate of the Germans. The victorious party will proclaim, and truly, that they did not desire war, and will endeavor to make terms with the Powers.

One word of warning in conclusion: Izzet Pasha, the right-hand man of Abdul Hamid, and who has only once been allowed to put foot in Constantinople since the revolution of 1908, and that on payment of £T5,000 and only for a few days, was in London a fortnight ago, and may still be here. There are people who profess to know that his object was to get the support of the British Government in favor of a party for proclaiming Abdul Hamid. Whatever were Izzet's intentions, one may be quite certain that the Foreign Office would not commit the folly of entertaining any such proposal. The weakness of the present Ministers in Turkey is sufficiently shown by their allowing Germans plus Enver to force the country into war. It is probable that the majority of the Turkish people are now quite out of sympathy with Young Turkey as represented by such Ministers. But to set up Abdul Hamid as pretender to the throne would at once strengthen the hands of the tottering Government and give them a new lease of life; because, though Young Turkey has made a sad mess of its opportunities, the population of all classes have not forgotten the abomination of the ex-Sultan's rule. Even to appear to support him would be an act of madness.—Yours, &c.,

EDWIN PEARLS.

January 28th, 1915.

Letters to the Editor.

THE "CHURCH TIMES" AND HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The prominence which you gave last week to a letter on the above subject is the apology for asking you to view the question from another point of view. Your correspondent seems to be sceptical whether there are readers of the "Church Times" who are also readers of THE NATION. In replying to his letter, I can claim, at least, that I am of those whose existence he denies. I would claim further, that, while he can describe himself as a Liberal Churchman, I would describe myself as a Liberal Catholic. What is at issue between us, I think, is our respective Liberalisms.

The Liberal Catholic is not averse from research or from the enlightenment which will come from further knowledge. He knows, in Bishop Collins's words, that "the representatives of the Church have not in all ages been on the side of progress in time of change, nor have they, as a rule, been ready to claim what was good as belonging to the Church by right. Usually there has been a willingness to meet new truths with worn-out philosophical weapons, to stifle inquiry with dogma, and to reject much that was good because it did not fit in with established canons of thought." This frank statement should be put in the foreground. But the "Church Times's" criticism of the appointment of Mr. Streeter was not based on any such objection to advance of thought or of knowledge. It was a humble plea that drab uniformity of opinion should not be the characteristic of a cathedral chapter. It was a protest against intolerance—the worst intolerance of all, the intolerance of belief. There is this danger at Hereford. In the rebound from the attitude described by Dr. Collins, a new unwillingness has sprung up. It is the unwillingness to tolerate any faith whatever. It is the contempt of faith. It is not merely a demand for open-mindedness towards inquiry; it is the insistence that this inquiry shall always arrive at the same result—a destructive result. The new Torquemada makes belief in the Virgin Birth the token of lack of intelligence; the new Inquisition sets out to discover horrible instances where men who recite the Creed believe in the clauses of that Creed. All that the "Church Times" asked was that there should be some representatives in the cathedral chapter of Hereford of the belief which all the clergy have bound themselves to hold. It was hardly a narrow or an intolerant attitude. It sought comprehensiveness, and it sought within that comprehensiveness to include those who look for further light and in the meantime hold to the historic faith.

The intolerance of your correspondent goes further. He picks out one letter from the "Church Times" and attempts therefrom to build up a theory as to the constituency which supports that journal. If we applied this method to THE NATION we should arrive at curious results. Last August a long letter appeared in your columns, stating that England would not have gone to war with France if that country had violated Belgian neutrality. Am I to take that letter as indicating the mental character of your constituency? Or, on the other hand, am I to applaud you for giving space for the expression of views which are not your own? And if you are Liberal in so doing, is the "Church Times" to be open to discourteous epithets for doing the same thing?—Yours, &c.,

JOHN LEE.

10, Thirlmere Road, Streatham, S.W.
January 27th, 1915.

AMERICA AND THE SETTLEMENT.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The article called "The Ruin of Europe?" in your issue of to-day opens up one possibility which may be worth suggesting, leaving its practical details to those who are competent to consider them.

We are all agreed that the German theory of world-dominance necessitates the resistance of the Allies, though we are not equally agreed that the "fight to a finish" can

of itself avail to extirpate this idea. And I suppose we are certainly agreed that if by some other and more fundamental means than the increasing horror and misery of war, this pernicious thirst for dominance could be appeased, we should welcome it.

Now, looking at America, that great melting-pot of the nations, may we not well ask whether the medicine for Germany's deep-seated disease may not be destined to come from her own countrymen settled in that more enlightened land? We know that a child may often be a better peace-maker than a parent; and are not these German-Americans the spiritual children both of their own land and of the English-speaking peoples whose ideals they must needs, to some extent, have assimilated? In them the ideals of liberty and democracy must be of stronger growth than is possible in the case of their countrymen at home, who are struggling in the cauldron seething with "blood and iron." My suggestion is, therefore, this: Let a deputation of influential men and women go to the United States, with full permission of the authorities there, hold meetings among the German colony, and seek by every means in their power to rouse a movement among them for a new and more enlightened Germany.

Then let this leaven from the New World take the same course as regards its own country, reinforce the Socialist Party in Germany, bring new light to the professors, new hope to the democracy, and create such a renaissance of the best features of the Old Germany and the New World that militarism shall receive its death-blow from its own countrymen, healed of their insanity. Let the first demand of such a reformed party in Germany be the withdrawal of the German army from Belgium—a measure that would at once make it possible for the Allies to consider terms of peace. The mission of such a cosmopolitan child as peacemaker would reconcile the fundamental goodwill of England towards the real Germany with the apparent impossibility of expressing it in any way. This remedy would touch the root of the disease far more surely than long-continued fighting, and what nobler effort could be made?

Let us in this way invite "the Thoreau of the nations" to step forth from her "fugitive and cloister'd virtue" into the arena "where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat."—Yours, &c.,

DOROTHEA HOLLINS.

(Hon. Sec. Women's Industrial Peace Crusade.)

274, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.

January 23rd, 1915.

THE NEUTRALITY OF AMERICA.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—Those of us who have looked to the neutral nations to exercise the virtues of peace in times of war have, in the main, not been disappointed. With the exception of Turkey, the European neutrals most deeply concerned in the present war—Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and Italy—have won our gratitude and admiration by steadfastly resisting the threats and bribes that have been rained upon them. All honor to Italy for her example in rejecting Austria's offer of the Trentino in terms worthy of the descendants of Mazzini! In this connection, it is interesting to note what a correspondent of the "Chronicle" has already pointed out, that Mazzini himself did not sanction a neutrality that ignored distinctions between right and wrong.

When we turn to the recent action of the United States Government, we must confess to some feeling of disappointment. A protest was natural, if not inevitable; but sooner or later we must face the unpleasant suggestion of the present message that America's sympathies may be conditioned by the terms of Great Britain's reply. Are we to understand, then, that the United States intends to traffic with her neutrality? I do not believe that this is the case. If we are compelled to regard President Wilson's promise to the Belgians as something in the nature of a deferred payment, if, from the point of view of international ethics, the United States appears to be temporarily *hors de combat*, the world will still listen for her voice. An Englishman who knows our country well—a scholar of international repute—said to me recently: "The day will come when we

shall have an international morality, and then it will be America that will fight the great fight."

What we in America must, for the present, recognize is that the bond which unites our nation is primarily a commercial tie. The long years of sacrifice, the moments of high enthusiasms, that have at length welded France into a spiritual unity, have not been our portion. For this reason, I hope—in anticipation of the inevitable crises that await our future—that we shall dwell more attentively in years to come upon some of the theories of the State that have been emphasized in the career of our sister Republic.

"Soaring France!"

Now is Humanity on trial in thee."

—Yours, &c.,

AN AMERICAN IN LONDON.

London, January 25th, 1915.

NATIONALITY NO FINAL SOLUTION.

To the Editor of THE NATION.

SIR,—The principle of nationality is not a talisman which will open all gates, for in some parts of Europe the different races are so inextricably intermingled as to defy all efforts to create ethnographic boundaries." (From R. W. Seton-Watson's chapter on "The Issues of the War" in "The War and Democracy.")

In England we are almost convinced that nationality is the one sound basis for demarcating the frontiers of a state. If there should ever be a country with a homogeneous population, this might be the only needful principle. For mid-nineteenth-century Europe the principle of nationality would have been at least a first approximation to a solution if it had been applied in time. But the problem has changed before it has been solved. The twentieth century began as the century of pacific penetration. In an age of technical science and specialized industry, the diverse mental and physical capacities of different races determine their daily tasks. The day of mixed nationalities is perhaps only dawning in the migration of skilled workers. Even our most fanatical nationalists can hardly reverse this world process. The nineteenth-century frontier proposals will no longer save us. We have a new problem, requiring new minds to find a new solution, the problem of what frontiers (if any) to put to states of mixed nationality. If we can discover an ideal solution for a square kilometre of Alsace, or of Poland, or of Macedonia, then we get a clue to a second approximation in the European problem of mixed nationalities.

What light can we find? Does proportional representation help us? Has any cruder solution been reached by the Turkish Empire, with its Synods and Patriarchates? Or by the Austrian Empire, where electoral constituencies are races instead of areas? Can we in any way make frontiers evanescent, for instance, by promoting concurrent legislation on each side of the frontier? Can we look to a future in which nationality will be dethroned, just as religion has been dethroned, and when national wars will be as obviously absurd as religious wars have already become? Can we invent any plan of interdependent (instead of independent) states, in which the parliaments of each shall contain representatives of each of the other states? What do the international lawyers advise about substituting "domicile" for nationality in all questions of private international law, such as mixed marriages and trade debts? Can we invent any plan more efficient than "neutrality" for protecting the inhabitants of mixed areas against all claims for military service? Can we advise any solution of troublesome school questions, *e.g.*, by a general education rate, with a right of voluntary allocation? Have language difficulties been needlessly exasperated? Do we not owe hospitality to foreign words, as well as to foreign persons? Need there be any literary restrictions on a public speaker, except that he make himself understood?

An outraged and exasperated national spirit is apt to forget that the moment we break the bonds of empire which bind unwilling groups, we shall have to arrange for federation by consent. Parochial patriotism must be restrained by world-citizenship, or else its place is in the folklore museum.

After all, what is a nation? Not race (how many races has Canada?), not habitat (the Belgians have none), not language (the Swiss have three), not government (the Jews

have none), not religion (what of France?). Then what common ends? And what is the most efficient nation-making machine? Is it a school?—Yours, &c.,

HUGH RICHARDSON.

Wheel Birks, Stocksfield-on-Tyne.
January 20th, 1915.

THE AIMS OF THE ALLIES.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—You say in your first article this week:—

"Thus we are primarily interested in saving Belgium, France in restoring Alsace-Lorraine, Russia in regaining her lost influence in the Near East and in Constantinople, Japan in ending the perilous German invasion of the Far East."

Is this quite fair to our Allies? It fixes on them essentially interested motives, and reserves to ourselves alone the glory of being disinterested champions of the weak and oppressed. Surely we should either be more generous to them or less generous to ourselves if we wish to escape a charge of self-complacency and desire to pose as superior to the rest of the world.

Speaking for myself, I am a little inclined to doubt whether your word "primarily" is quite the proper one to use, though I know that a great many people think that it is, or, at any rate, think that they think so.—Yours, &c.,

IMMO S. ALLEN.

January 25th, 1915.

[We were not conscious of making any invidious distinction between one Allied Power and another. Our interest in Belgium has, no doubt, its material as well as its moral side. It would be impossible, for example, for this country to see Antwerp turned into a German port.—Ed., *NATION*.]

PRISONERS OF WAR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Henry Carter, gives an interesting extract from John Wesley's "Journal," descriptive of French prisoners in the Seven Years' War. Some twenty years later, in the "Letters of Benjamin Franklin," appears another and yet more relevant point.

Writing to David Hartley from Passy, under date February 12th, 1778, the great American says:—

"The subscriptions for our prisoners will have excellent effects in favor of England and Englishmen. The Scotch subscriptions for raising troops to destroy us will not do their nation half so much good. If you have an opportunity I wish you would express our respectful acknowledgments and thanks to your Committee and contributors, whose benefactions will make our poor people as comfortable as their station can permit."

—Yours, &c.,

EMILY HOBHOUSE.

M. ANATOLE FRANCE AND THE WAR.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—The words of our greatest living writer, in his latest book, seem now strangely prophetic: "Et Satan se plaisait aux louanges et aux actions de grâces: il aimait à entendre vanter sa sagesse et sa puissance. Il écoutait avec joie les cantiques de cherubims qui célébraient ses bienfaits, et il ne prenait point de plaisir à entendre la flûte de Nectaire parce qu'elle célébrait la nature, accordait à l'insecte et au brin d'herbe sa part de puissance et d'amour, et conseillait le joie et la liberté. Satan qui, jadis, frémissait dans sa chair à l'idée que la douleur régnait sur le monde, se sentait maintenant inaccessible à la pitié. Il regardait la souffrance et la mort comme les effets heureux de sa toute-puissance et de sa souveraine bonté. Et le sang des victimes fumait vers lui comme un agréable encens."—"La Revolte des Anges," p. 407.)

Who can doubt that Germany, humbled to the dust, her Lucifer pride abated, will be a finer and a happier nation than she has been in the years of her prosperity?—Yours, &c.,

F. C. WRIGHT.

Birkbeck College, Bream's Buildings,
Chancery Lane, E.C.

THE BELGIAN FIELD HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—Funds are urgently needed to carry on the work of the Belgian Field Hospital. This hospital, of which H.M. the Queen of the Belgians is Patron, H.R.H. the Duchesse de Vendôme is Vice-Patron, and His Excellency the Belgian Minister is a Vice-President, was originally established in Antwerp early in September, whence it was moved during the bombardment to Furnes, some seven miles in the rear of the fighting line. It is the only British Hospital acting under the directions of the Belgian War Department, and its work in ministering to the Belgian wounded has received the highest commendations from the St. John's Ambulance Association, the British Red Cross Society, and visitors who have testified to its efficiency. From its unique position it is able to give medical aid as speedily as possible. Not only are the chances of saving life thus immeasurably increased, but, as every mile to the wounded man is necessarily torture, the difference to him between being transported seven miles to Furnes and twenty to Dunkirk or many more to Calais cannot be exaggerated. The hospital is prepared to follow the advance of the Belgian Army, always keeping within sound of the guns.

Her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians has expressed confidence "that England will afford this hospital the necessary aid in order that it may continue its labors." We, therefore, feel that a sacred obligation lies upon this country to justify her Majesty's confidence by carrying on work which has proved of the greatest value to our gallant Allies, and we earnestly appeal for funds to retain and maintain this hospital in full efficiency.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary, 21, Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, who will forward a pamphlet giving full information.—Yours, &c.,

HENRIETTE DUCHESSE DE VENDÔME ET PRINCESSE DE BELGIQUE.

SYDENHAM OF COMBE, President.

LALAING, Belgian Minister.

HAROLD HODGE, Chairman of Committee.

J. LEIGH WOOD, Honorary Treasurer.

W. S. BAILLIE HAMILTON, Secretary.

January 26th, 1915.

[The hospital in question has, we think, a special claim, and we gladly give it this opportunity of representing it.—Ed., *NATION*.]

"FROM WAR TO PEACE" MOVEMENT.

To the Editor of *THE NATION*.

SIR,—I have consented to take the Chair at a meeting to be held at the Kingsway Theatre on February the 8th, and I would like the public to clearly understand the object of this meeting, at which the following resolution will be moved:—

"That whereas the present war is the result of the violation of International obligations, it is imperative that a peace should be established which will secure the collective responsibility of all civilized nations for the maintenance and enforcement of International Law."

The expulsion of the Germans from Belgium and the crushing of Prussian Militarism are the necessary preliminaries to such a peace, and to this every energy of our nation must be directed, but it seems to me that this energy will get new force if the great end to be obtained after the war is kept clearly before the public mind. To assist in doing this is the object of the meeting.

Tickets for the meeting may be obtained on application to Mr. Mark H. Judge, 7, Pall Mall, S.W.—Yours, &c.,

GREY.

22, South Street, W., January 27th, 1915.

Poetry.

TOWARDS THE MORNING.

UNKNOWN, unknowing, thro' the night,

Two scions of immortal race

Strove, grappling, might with utmost might,

In fell, implacable embrace.

Each fought avenging the disgrace

Of outraged Truth and trampled Right.

At daybreak, by the wan sad light,

Each looked into a Sister's face.

C. H. HERFORD.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "The Lonely Nietzsche." By Frau Förster Nietzsche. (Heinemann. 15s. net.)
 "Makers of New France." By Charles Dawbarn. (Mills & Boon. 10s. 6d. net.)
 "William Blake, Poet and Mystic." By P. Berger. (Chapman & Hall. 15s. net.)
 "War and Lombard Street." By Hartley Withers. (Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d. net.)
 "The German War Book, Being 'The Usages of War on Land,' Issued by the General Staff of the German Army." Translated by J. H. Morgan. (Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "The Principles of Understanding: An Introduction to Logic from the Standpoint of Personal Idealism." By Henry Sturt. (Cambridge University Press. 5s. net.)
 "Nelson's Legacy: Lady Hamilton, Her Story and Tragedy." By Frank Danby. (Cassell. 16s. net.)
 "A Pilgrim's Scrip." By R. Campbell Thompson. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Alone in Sleeping-Sickness Country." By Felix Oswald. (Kegan Paul. 8s. 6d. net.)
 "Memories and Musings." By John Widdicombe. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)
 "Buddhist Psychology." By Mrs. C. A. Rhys-Davids. (Bell. 2s. 6d. net.)
 "Admiral Jellicoe." By Arthur Applin. (Pearson. 1s. net.)
 "The Carnival of Florence." By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen. 6s.)
 "The Temple of Dawn." By I. A. R. Wylie. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

LIKE many other readers, I have been trying to keep up with the deluge of books about the war, or at any rate, to miss nothing of importance which would help to a better knowledge of the greatest event in contemporary history. But a glance through Messrs. Lange & Berry's annotated bibliography, "Books on the Great War," just published by Messrs. Grafton, has almost driven me to give up the attempt. I find that, excluding reprints, pamphlets, poetry, sermons, and so forth, more than a hundred and eighty books on the struggle, all of them with some claims to attention, have been published since the beginning of August. And if a reader had gone through all these, he would still be faced by the heading "Poetry, Songs, and Plays," with nearly fifty entries; "Religion, Sermons, Prayers, and Hymns," with more than seventy; and "Humor," with a score, to say nothing of the mountain of pamphlets. If the output continues at this rate—and it shows no signs of slackening—future historians who take account of all the material will need to be long-lived men. Historians, by the way, have lost no time. More than a score of histories are chronicled by Messrs. Lange & Berry, the most important being M. Gabriel Hanotaux's "Histoire Illustrée de la Guerre de 1914," which is appearing in monthly parts.

BISMARCK's name is now on everybody's lips, and Messrs. Jarrold have seized the opportunity to publish a fresh translation of "Bismarck's Letters to his Wife," written during the war of 1870-71. These letters were written without a suspicion that they would ever be made public, and they are a most interesting revelation of Bismarck's human side. He complains of the hardships of the campaign; of the annoyance and trouble caused by "these on-looking Royal Highnesses, with their servants, horses, and adjutants"; of the incapacity of the German generals—except "good old Roon"—and their needless sacrifices of life. "The prestige of the leadership reposes on the admirable heroism of the troops," he writes. "Only a little less of it, and none of the leaders could stand up before the criticism." A feature in Bismarck's character which is not often mentioned finds frequent expression in these letters—his love of orders and decorations. On August 25th, 1870, he writes from Bar-le-Duc, "Birthday of the Bavarian King, and I have received no decorations!" And he is continually complaining that his sons have not been given the Iron Cross. When he heard at Versailles, on February 5th, 1871, that the decoration had been given to his son Herbert, his comment was "At last, then, though he deserved it in August. But the Court air in which they grow was absent from him in the hospital."

IMPATIENCE with diplomatic and other correspondence is another feature of Bismarck's letters. What with the Royalties—"there will always be annoyance wherever there are princes without any work to do"—the military folk, "who make my business dreadfully difficult, snatch it for themselves, spoil it, and the responsibility is left on me," and the "false doves of peace who buzz and coo at me hypocritically," his position was full of worry and annoyance. Moreover, the German administrative organization, which we are accustomed to consider as almost perfect, drew many complaints from Bismarck:—

"The administrative organization," he wrote, "causes me many difficulties on account of the extraordinary red tape and departmental jealousy of the military staff, especially the General, the Post and Telegraph and Commissariat Staffs. If I had to keep house with such departmental confusion in time of peace I should be exploded like a bomb. . . . In the face of the enemy we are nothing but heroes, but at our writing desks we are like a king of the rats grown together by the pigtales."

As everybody knows, Bismarck had a real liking for Thiers—"He is certainly the most charming Gaul I have yet met." The following, written to his wife on the conclusion of the peace negotiations, ends with a sentence that has some bearing on the causes of the present war:—

"My little friend Thiers is bright and amiable, but no man of business for verbal negotiations. A foam of ideas rushes irresistibly from him as from the mouth of an open bottle, and tires one's patience, as it prevents one from getting at the real drinkable stuff, which is the main thing. Yet he is a fine little fellow, white-haired, worthy, amiable, with good old French manners, and it is very difficult for me to be as hard with him as I have to be. The rascals know this, and consequently push him forward. Yesterday, at last, we signed; more gained than I think wise, in my personal political calculation. But I have to take into consideration from above and below sentiments which do not make calculations."

It has often been asserted, and as often denied, that Bismarck was willing to make a peace on terms more favorable to France; but this statement in a private letter to his wife shows beyond doubt that he had apprehensions that the equilibrium of Europe would be disturbed by the Treaty of Frankfurt

It is evident from these letters, as well as from other evidence, that Bismarck's piety was sincere. It finds expression in almost every note sent to his wife, often in the form of prayers and thanksgivings for the success of the war and the safety of his sons. Like the Kaiser or Cromwell, he had no doubt that God was on his side. "In Him I trust," he wrote from Versailles, "when I look at these dissolute people. We, too, are sinners, but not yet so Babylonish, nor so opposed to God." Perhaps the most revealing moment in Bismarck's life is that recorded in an essay by M. Anatole France. It was one evening in the great drawing-room at Varzin. Bismarck sat for a long time in silence, now and then throwing fir-cones on the fire, when at last he burst into bitter complaint of the fact that his political activity had gained him little satisfaction, and less friendship. By it he had not won happiness for himself, his family, or anyone else. One of his hearers suggested that he had made the happiness of a great nation:—

"Yes; but the misfortune of how many?" was his answer. "But for me three great wars would not have been fought, eighty thousand men would not have perished, fathers, brothers, sisters, widows, would not have been plunged into mourning. I have settled all that with my Creator. But I have gained little or no joy from all my work."

It seems that German theology will not be entirely disregarded in this country, even during the war. Professor Mackintosh, of Manchester University, has completed a study of "Albrecht Ritschl and His School," which will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, in their series, "The Great Christian Theologies." Ritschl has had a profound influence on liberal theological thought, and though his theory of "value judgments" and of "faith-knowledge" as opposed to metaphysics, has produced a flood of controversy, his teaching is clearly visible in much that has been written by such later writers as Harnack.

PENGUIN.

Reviews.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF RUSSIA.

"An Economical History of Russia." By JAMES MAVOR, Ph.D. (Dent. 2 vols. 31s. 6d. net.)

THIS new work of the Toronto Professor James Mavor consists in reality of several very interesting books, of the contents of which the general title does not convey a quite correct idea. In fact, no *history* of a nation can be written, and never was written, on such a narrow basis as its economical factors only. Every nation's history depends upon many factors which are not economical, or, at any rate, do not originate from the nation's economical development. The same applies to Russia. The great migrations of the first centuries of our era—the migration of the Ugrians, the invasion of the Mongols in the thirteenth century, which retarded the development of Russia for two centuries; the invasion of the Turks and the destruction by them of an advanced South Slavonian civilization which was a source of learning for the Russians; and, finally, the growth of powerful States in Western Europe—all these were factors which certainly influenced the economical development of Russia, but did not originate in it. Altogether, the title of Professor Mavor's work—if that title were not desperately long—might have been: "The Development, especially in Modern Times, of the Leading Factors of Russia's Economical Life."

To write such a book, Professor Mavor was fully prepared by his previous studies. He understands Political Economy, not as an analysis of the different economical theories that have been taught in the Universities since the time of the Italian Renaissance, but as a study of the economical factors in the real life of a nation; and he has already made such studies concerning Canada. He visited Russia twice, made friends there, and was thus enabled to know what are the best works on the subjects he intended to discuss.

The first volume, which bears the sub-title "The Rise and Fall of Bondage Right," contains, in its "Book I," seven chapters given to the general history of Russia till the middle of the eighteenth century, with a special reference to the appearance and early growth of serfdom. Next comes a second "Book," of fourteen chapters, devoted to the growth of serfdom from the reign of Catherine II. to that of Nicolas I. We see here how the status of servile labor in agriculture becomes more and more confirmed by law, and how, at the same time, an opposition to serfdom is growing in Russian educated society in the nineteenth century. Even Nicolas the First was compelled to convoke, in the years 1844-1847, special committees to discuss the abolition of serfdom; but these discussions evidently came to nothing, the autocrat having signified his desire of maintaining manorial justice and the right of the landlords upon all the land cultivated by their serfs. After the failure of the revolutionary movements of 1848, the whole matter was abandoned as a dangerous venture.

The third "Book" of the first volume is given to "Industry under Bondage," and contains interesting chapters about the industrial enterprises started by the State with servile labor, the appearance of the factory system in the nineteenth century amidst the village industries, and, finally, a review of the discussions which took place in Russia prior to the abolition of serfdom in 1861. These three books, full of new information, form the first volume.

As to the Russian sources consulted by Professor Mavor—and they are many and varied—he everywhere availed himself of the best and thoroughly reliable ones; and yet I will permit myself one remark. For his general sketch of the history of Russia, Professor Mavor drew chiefly upon the well-known "Course of Russian History" by the Moscow Professor, Kluchévsky. This is a perfectly reliable source, and at the present time it is considered in Russia as the best work dealing with the general history of the country. I must say, however, that one does not find in Kluchévsky's "Course" the ideas which inspired the Russian historians, Byeláyev, Kostomárov, Zabyélin, Serghéyevich, and others in the 'sixties, when their attention was especially directed

towards the Russian people and the forms of life it worked out in the village communities and in the free cities, with their folk-motes electing their princes. It is the growth of the centralized State, and, later on, the development of industry, which chiefly interested Kluchévsky. The historical sketch would thus win, if it were completed, for the Folk-motes' period, or the *Vyetche* period, prior to the Mongol invasion, on the basis of the researches of the just-named historians.

For the next fifteen chapters of the first volume, making Book II., no better sources could be utilized than the works of Semévsky, and Kornílov for the later epoch, from which the author has drawn his chief information. One sees perfectly well in these chapters the growth of the ideas about the necessity of abolishing serfdom which was going on in Russia since the eighteenth century till 1861—the year of the emancipation of the serfs. One sees how the "Decembrists," after having made the campaigns of 1813-1815 in Western Europe, returned home convinced of the necessity of abolishing both autocracy and serfdom; and how, later on, in the 'forties, a number of "intellectuals" (among whom was Dostoyevsky) endeavored to persuade the Government to take this necessary step, and for that crime were sent to Siberia. And, finally, one sees how the Government, after the Crimean defeat, was compelled to take steps for wiping out serfdom from Russian life. These chapters will certainly be read with a deep interest.

Finally, in the third "Book" of the first volume, "Industry under Serfdom," Professor Mavor follows a very valuable work by Professor Tugán-Baranóvsky, as also the works of Lyáschenko and Professor Milyukóv. Here he passes in review the State enterprises of the eighteenth century, the private factories grown in the first half of the nineteenth century, and the cottage industries which took then a large development.

One would be pleased to find in this place a sketch of the third factor of Russia's economical development—the growth of her inner trade, the more so as it would so well show the inner constructive powers of the nation; and Professor Mavor, with his knowledge of the inner trade of the United States, would certainly have found much to say about this subject. Let us hope, therefore, that this gap will be filled up in a second edition.

The second volume, the sub-title of which is "Industry and Revolution," is certainly the part which will chiefly attract the attention of the reader. It begins by fourteen chapters—more than one-third of the volume—given to the political and social revolutionary movements in Russia prior to 1903. After a rapid sketch of the Pugachóv uprising in 1773 and the revolutionary movements of 1824-25, as also the first attempts at a Socialist propaganda in 1846-48, we find a succession of most interesting chapters about the movements of the last twenty years of the reign of Alexander the Second. Although the "Be the People" and "The Will of the People" movements are already pretty well known in England, some important new features, revealed by "Memoirs" lately published in Russia, are brought in, and the inner connection between these movements and the general development of the country are well brought into evidence.

To the reaction under Alexander the Third and its consequences, five very interesting chapters are given. Here we see the birth of the Social Democratic movement in 1883, favored to some extent by the Government with the purpose of diverting attention from the political question—this attempt leading only to the spreading of a still wider discontent, both economical and political, amongst the industrial workers; while the Revolutionary Socialist Party, making also its appearance, worked to wake up the agricultural population—these two kinds of agitation and propaganda generating the two types which it was our ideal to produce in the early "Be the People" movement: the factory working man and the peasant, both conscious of their economical and political bondage.

In a subsequent chapter, the author describes the attempt made by the Government during the present reign to get control of the discontent of Labor by organizing its own Trade Unionist and Strike agitation under the guidance of a police agent, Zubátov, and strictly preventing, at the same time, any discussions about the political structure of

An Appeal to Patriotic Employers

AS AN EMPLOYER have you seen that every fit man under your control that can possibly be spared has been given every opportunity of enlisting?

Will you call your Employees together TO-DAY, and explain to them that in order to end the war quickly we must have more men?

Many more men would enlist if you explained to them what you are prepared to do for them whilst they are fighting for the Empire.

They will listen to you—use your influence and help to end the war.

**CALL YOUR MEN TOGETHER
—TO-DAY.**

Your Country will appreciate the help you give.

God Save the King.

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Published by T. FISHER UNWIN, London.

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the State. Placed, at Moscow, under the high patronage of the Grand Duke Sergius, this "Zubátov movement" resulted soon in extensive strikes in South-West Russia, after which Zubátov fell into disgrace. At St. Petersburg, under the cover of this movement, grew, later on, the secret organizations of Father Gapon, which ended in the famous manifestation and bloodshed in front of the Winter Palace on January 22nd, 1905.

Chapters on the "Pogroms" of the Jews and the Government's part in them, the question of nationalities in Russia, and Russia in the Far East, are interpolated here.

The next "Book," on "The Agrarian Question and its Revolutionary Phases," is again full of interest, especially for the English reader, who will find here some replies to the discussion raised lately in the "New Statesman" about the leading characteristics of the Russian peasantry. In the introductory pages of this study we read the following characteristic of the Russian peasant:—

"The special feature of the revolutionary movement of 1905-1907, which distinguished it from all other Russian movements of the same order, was—Prof. Mavor writes—the association of the peasant masses, for at least a short time, with the urban artisan. . . . The growth of an urban proletariat altered the relation of the constituent elements of Society. It came as a class between the peasantry and *intelligentsia* [the 'intellectuals'], and, touching both, brought them in a sense together. That which the *V Narod* [Be the People] movement failed to accomplish was in a large measure realized by the working men who oscillated between the village and the industrial town. When they became inoculated with social-democratic or social revolutionary ideas, they disseminated these either by means of their customary migrations, or through banishment to their native places." (II., p. 251.)

The author demolishes next the usual representation of the Russian peasant as a sort of stupid fellow. The contents of the peasant's mind, he writes,

"are limited enough from the point of view of the urban person, but they are ample in directions wholly unknown to dwellers in towns" (II., p. 253). . . . Being brought more immediately into the presence of the facts of raw nature, "in his crude, primitive, and empirical way he [the peasant] knows something thoroughly well, and he is full of confidence and resource when the town dweller is confused, helpless, and ignorant. His methods, often based upon centuries of tradition, are shorter and more direct than the complicated and longer methods of organized production, and these methods are not necessarily employed without intelligent understanding. . . . Far from being stationary, peasant life to an intimate view is extremely fluctuating. Peasants frequently discuss matters concerning the most fundamental conditions of their economic life, and sometimes arrive at decisions which have the effect of tearing this life up, as it were, by the roots. . . . Inert or slow as the peasant mind appears to be, when confronted with problems to which it is unaccustomed, its instant and decisive grasp of other problems disproves the common charge of mental inactivity." (II., pp. 256, 257.)

Three short chapters are next given to the general conditions of Russian peasantry in the years preceding the revolutionary movements of 1904, perhaps too little in comparison with the important subjects dealt with (the division of the peasants into different classes, the undivided family of old and the village community, and so on), some remarks of the author—e.g., about the Old Believers—being hardly correct.

With the chapter entitled the "Peasants' Union" (*Krestyánskiy Soyúz*) the reader is brought to the very interesting peasants' movements and uprisings in 1905-06, the appearance of an important organization under the name of "Peasants' Union," and the relation of this movement to the two Socialist parties—the Social Democrats and the Revolutionary Socialists. In the description of these peasants' uprisings, Professor Mavor was able to utilize a most conscientious inquest made by the Free Economical Society of Russia, and published in its "Transactions" (*Trudy*) in 1907 and 1908. This inquest having been made on the spot by a great number of local people, it thus represents a most valuable document, from which it appears how spontaneous was this movement and how little the agitation of "the intellectuals" played part in it, even though the general discontent was sown in the villages by populist

agitators and the factory hands sent out of the capitals to their native villages.

The law of November, 1906, by which the Stolypin Ministry attempted to abolish the village-community in Russia, was the Government's reply to these insurrections.

Having thus analyzed the chief elements of the Russian revolution, the author gives the next "Book," of fourteen chapters, to the industrial development of Russia under capitalism. Professor Mavor shows here the effects of the abolition of serfdom, the growth of a net of railways, and a protective tariff upon the growth of industries in Russia. And he shows at the same time how—the Labor movement being hampered by the Government—both peasants and factory hands alike "fixed the responsibility upon the Government for the evils they experienced," and how the labor agitation gradually passed from a purely economical movement to a political rebellion.

The following "Book VII." gives more details of the revolutionary movement in Russia in 1903-1907. To write this book, the author has consulted nearly everything published in Russia or abroad about this period, and he shows how the town proletarians, the impoverished peasants, the middle classes, and the "intellectuals" joined in this movement. The general strike of 1903, the Gapon movement, the general strike of October, 1905, and the consequent convocation of the Duma; the rule of the Council of Working Men's Deputies at St. Petersburg in the first week of November, 1905, the eight hours agitation, the armed uprising at Moscow in December, 1905, and the disturbances in the Urals in 1907—all these are passed in review. To most of the readers, this story of "the Revolution of 1905" will be a revelation.

A chapter on Azeff, the most prominent of a swarm of *agents provocateurs* in the service of autocracy, concludes this most interesting and painstaking work of Professor Mavor. It will certainly occupy a prominent place among the works upon Russia by the side of those of Leroy Beaulieu, and it is quite unique for the wealth of information it contains about the movements of 1905.

Having perused a mass of Russian documents, Professor Mavor unavoidably made here and there some minor mistakes. Thus, the expression which he often uses in the first volume—"Bondage Right"—is an incorrect translation of the Russian *Kryepostnoye Právo*, which is used in Russia to represent the whole of the complex relations that grew out of the state of bondage of the peasants. It ought, therefore, to be translated either by "Bondage Law" (like "Common Law"), or by the more usual word "serfdom." Another reproach that can be made is the absence of a system in the transliteration of Russian names and words. But these are small faults which can easily be remedied in a new reprint, which surely will soon be required, of this most valuable work.

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the barriers of modern prejudices and antipathies. Indeed, in the modern hurly-burly of literary manufacture, he appears an altogether forlorn, remote and attenuated figure.

And now comes Mr. Brooks, in a study of iridescent brilliance and subtlety, to kick poor Symonds finally off his pedestal. His biographical study is the more dangerous to Symonds's almost phantom reputation, not only because of its critical plausibility and suggestiveness, but because it stalks its subject in the insidious guise of an apology. There is no malice in Mr. Brooks; only an anxiety that the reader should not mistake Symonds's feverish and abortive struggles towards artistic expression as the genuine thing. Let us summarize this indictment, and see if something cannot be said for the victim of it. The first thing that was wrong was Symonds's "malady of the ideal," his "passion for ideal beauty." This fatal preoccupation, divorcing his work from sanitary, concrete experience of life, was itself incapable of a sustained self-realization, on account of Symonds's underlying and paralyzing scepticism. This lack of reconciliation between the creative and the critical forces produced a confusion of "the objective and the subjective." The practical admonition of Jowett and of his father stunted his creative will; the influence of "L'amour de l'impossible" clouded his critical will. His lack of "self-assertion," his ultra-aesthetic studies, his restless dissatisfaction with life, his scholarship, which fell "between the two stools" of original truth by divination, and "orthodox truth by logic," made him "a victim of our modern passion for the picturesque," made him see things, rather than feel them, swung him "between journalism and rhapsody," gave a false perspective, even to his "magnum opus," and placed him rather as the improviser than the creator. The "Life of Shelley" is only "a competent abstract of previous records," the Italian Renaissance is only a "colossal patchwork," lacking any "coherent vision of the whole" (compare it with the patient, receptive, single-minded history epic of Gibbon); the translations, good as they are, are only evidences of fluency; the "Essays, Speculative and Suggestive," are but elaborated truisms, and his poems are not voyages of discovery, but of the descriptive tourist. His enthusiasm for the works of Michael Angelo, Goethe, Whitman, and the pantheistic conception of the universe, only illustrate the aspiration of a rudderless personality towards its opposites—sanity, purpose, and completeness. He snatched at literature only as a refuge from life, and his accomplishment, as a result, has only an esoteric appeal, the appeal of the rhetorically candid, without proportion and without restraint. And, to crown all, an incessant ill-health obscured still further the ambiguous product of his excessive sensibilities.

It must not be supposed that Mr. Brooks throws out these charges at random. On the contrary, they are all synthesized with consummate ingenuity. He leaves the most definite impression that Symonds's artistic soul was the tilting-ground for the most perverse devils that ever beleaguered Parnassus. Nor does he strike an attitude and say "J'accuse!" He manifestly feels for Symonds, even as he casts him reluctantly to perdition. The question for us is not the malignancy of his bell, book, and candle methods, but their relevance. We suspect that Mr. Brooks has damned Symonds, not for what he has done, but for what Mr. Brooks wished him to do. Symonds's agreeable and minor impressionism (that is our verdict, not Mr. Brooks's) can only scramble at the skirts of "fine artistic creation," which shakes him off in disdain. That would seem to be Mr. Brooks's attitude. Well, what of it? What if Symonds, after years of fruitless and weary effort, did at last discover that he could write good but not inspired literature? Is that any reason for thrusting him out of court? Mr. Brooks would have his salmon to be a whale. He is altogether too uncompromising. Symonds, for all his indeterminateness, his distractions, his floundering, his literary dualism, his vacillations, and his lack of faith in himself, did achieve a vivid, sensitive romanticism, which has an honorable place in the history of culture. Mr. Brooks may have his eugenical "all or nothing" theories; but he cannot oust Symonds, for all his occasional falsetto notes, his insincerities and ornateness, from literature—so long, that is to say, as the taste for color, style, and pictorial suggestion is a passport over its frontiers.

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The first claims the honor as a man of science—a rationalist. His paper deals with all that is from the beginning. He holds the universe in the hollow of his hand, and unfolds all its mysteries with the completeness, detail, and dispassion of a microscope. In the original, all-prevailing "vacuous ether," "nothing," heavy with the potentialities of the infinite, he describes primitive disturbances, waves, which travelled out and filled all space. Then arose currents, growing in speed, crossing and re-crossing, colliding; next arose eddies, revolving about centres and tending to evolve spheres. The energy is now in the form of electrons tending to evolve by compression and friction into elements, as minor centres are produced in the eddying round the principal centres. Thus arose the mechanism of the universe, and its genealogy being accounted for, the topography is described. Sun, planets, stars, and other suns. Thus far astronomy and physics have raised their voice.

The cold rationalistic eye next proceeds to the pedigree of life, and with the facility of a certain type of man of science, this emerges over the bridge of spontaneous generation, reared on a doubtful discovery of Haeckel and an equally unsatisfying experiment of Letourneau. With the foundation laid, the man of science now nimbly mounts the ladder of life to the summit where the Protistæ rest with one foot in the vegetable kingdom and one in the animal. Disdaining the help of the Protistæ, or feeling its inadequacy, he jumps the gap and commences the genealogy of man with the words: "Now, some of these cells, instead of developing in accordance with the same laws, gained other powers and followed other courses." A leap with such a weak take-off would hardly carry a dogmatic man of science very far; but the rationalist seems content, and is at once in the throes of comparative zoology, tracing the rise of function and organ until he at length comes to the apex of animal life—man.

Man is his chiefest concern. He traces the rise and development of the nervous system and the brain; a little inconsistently, he introduces the terms "soul" and "spirit," which he should have shunned; but he forgets "soul," makes spirit individuality, and volition becomes "simply a manifestation of energy." Then he treats death and immortality; he admits and makes use of the one, but denies the other both as a fact and as a state to be desired. God he easily explains: "To-day we are God. Millions of years ago our nebula was God. Perfect power, perfect development of control, will be God far hence, and we are one of the links leading on to it." He pours himself out in worship of God: "I love all that God does, so long as he be not idle, and so long as he does not kill himself, for as he made himself, so can he unmake himself."

When he reaches religion, he seems to see red. He discovers eleven forms in which the faith of man has expressed itself, and he deals with each, from anthropomorphism to scientific philosophy, vigorously after his kind. Thus monotheism is false because "science shows spontaneous creation of evolution," Deism is worthless of criticism, and agnosticism is a childish display of cowardice. "We must transmit our spirit and our bodies, improved if possible, to the next generation." He finds no difficulty in bolting the problem as to whether acquired characters are transmitted. We have only our lives, and death is peace. Thus, having traversed the universe from A to Z, the man of science gives place to the man of sentiments.

The sentimentalist, founding his creed perhaps on Pascal, holds that "the philosophy of the heart is more true and more powerful" than the philosophy of the mind. He

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means by the heart, the sentiments, the character and the moral qualities "which have nothing to do with the mind," but only with volition, which is our spirit. Love is the only religion and philosophy; love in its three parts self-love, passion, and true love. Art is the work of love, and is understood only by lovers. Knowledge has its place in the rôle of self-love, which is to develop intellect and body. It is man's duty to develop his body and keep it in perfect condition. He must also refine and develop his character; and he must develop his intellect by knowledge and by exercising reason, imagination, and memory, and "we must experience all."

The work of passion is to reproduce one's kind; but this is its mere function. In its moral development, it may include all the sentiments, ideals, and nobility of man. It is a form of growth, but is also the most beautiful thing in life. "We live for it, and we hide it because it is too sacred to exhibit." It is in the development of this part of his subject that the sentimentalist throws his anchors overboard and lets himself go. He would please Freud. "The one way to murder a temptation is to satisfy it." The steps taken to protect motherhood in England presage the abolition of marriage, and on the abolition of family life advance must be founded.

The third division of love—true love—has no feeling of sex or possession in it. It is self-sacrifice, and its products are all those things which the spirit creates outside the necessities of material life—science, art, literature. Here the sentimentalist discourses on the grades and tests of art and upon technique. But love is not sufficient. We may be disillusioned, worn-out, dispirited. For our consolation we then create the illusion of one who will love us fittingly, in all our moods, and adequately. We fashion a God and we create a religion. "Without love science would not exist; therefore, love is greater than science."

The advocate for the senses bases his plea for such a philosophy on the fairly broad ground that the senses are the avenues of knowledge. Things do not exist for us unless we are made aware of them by our senses. He develops this to suggest that there may therefore be things which do not exist for anybody. Life is for living. If the senses be in good condition, the world is ours. Health is the most golden of possessions.

The three philosophers having had their say, the first jumps to his feet with moral indignation, not, as one might have thought, at the philosophy of the sentimentalist, but at that of the sensualist, though it seems innocent and innocuous enough. Then the sentimentalist points out that the rationalist is all theory, while the sensualist, at any rate, sees the importance of sentiments. But he claims the chair on the ground that his own philosophy duly appreciates that of both his rivals. In the uproar, the baby, Bobo, walks to the platform and delivers a harangue on the purpose of life. Philosophy is an art, he holds, and it is only rightly appreciated as an art. No philosophy is complete, and combine all and the combination is incomplete. It is impossible to lay down rules for living. The truest philosophers are those who never think of philosophy, and this is the pursuit of the idle only. The poor and lower middle class always look on philosophy as an art. Bobo, to complete the tale, is elected to the vacant chair; but, just as this is decided, there is a noise and a crash, and he falls out of the telescope into his mother's lap. His delighted parent slaps him soundly and puts him to bed.

Mr. Weeks's book is very clever, and makes good reading. He urges his cases tolerably well; though it is perhaps ungracious to point out that it would not need a 75-millimetre shell to blow his three cases to bits. It is as a work of art that the book should be judged. It is amusing and stimulating; and the jaded man of science or a humorous philosopher may find the book a good friend; and all who care for exercise will find in Mr. Weeks one who will take their minds out walking.

MUSICAL TASTES.

"The Promenade Ticket." By A. H. SIDGWICK. (Arnold. 3s. 6d. net.)

MR. SIDGWICK'S brilliant little volume would seem at first sight to appeal to a strictly limited audience. Of all the arts,

music is the least colloquial and the most absolute. A picture may sometimes tell a story, as words may borrow the art of painting, but there is only one appeal for a symphony, and that is to the ear.

Nevertheless, although the true musician is rare, the number of half-musicians, and of regular and enthusiastic concert-goers, is enormous; and these will find abundant entertainment in Mr. Sidgwick's volume. "The Promenade Ticket" is written in epistolary form. A benevolent uncle bestows a ticket for the Queen's Hall Promenade Concerts on a musical nephew, who, in his turn, lends it out to a number of his friends; but all are bound by the uncle's condition to write a faithful report of their evening's experience. The writers are Nigel F. Clark, the nephew, J. R. Harrison, the ingenious undergraduate, Rhoda Clarke, the "Brahmin," Delia Ward, the Folk-song enthusiast, and an unspecified individual who signs himself "Your obt. servant, R. Thos. Lane."

Harrison, a plain man, knows what he likes, but is occasionally misled by his friends, who know better:—

"My friend also told me to look out for a thing called 'The Flying Dutchman,' which has a curse theme in it which may be either major or minor. I didn't understand what she meant at the time, but didn't let on; and when I got home I asked Bill about it, who said that major was when you go straight up the white notes starting with C, and minor was when you do the same thing taking in some of the black notes. If you hit C, E, and G together, you get the major chord; but if you hit the black note next to E on the left you get the minor chord. This is what Wordsworth meant about not a fourth but a star, Bill said."

All Harrison's letters are excellent fun, but Mr. Sidgwick's delicate vein of satire finds, perhaps, its happiest expression in the letter from Miss Delia Ward:—

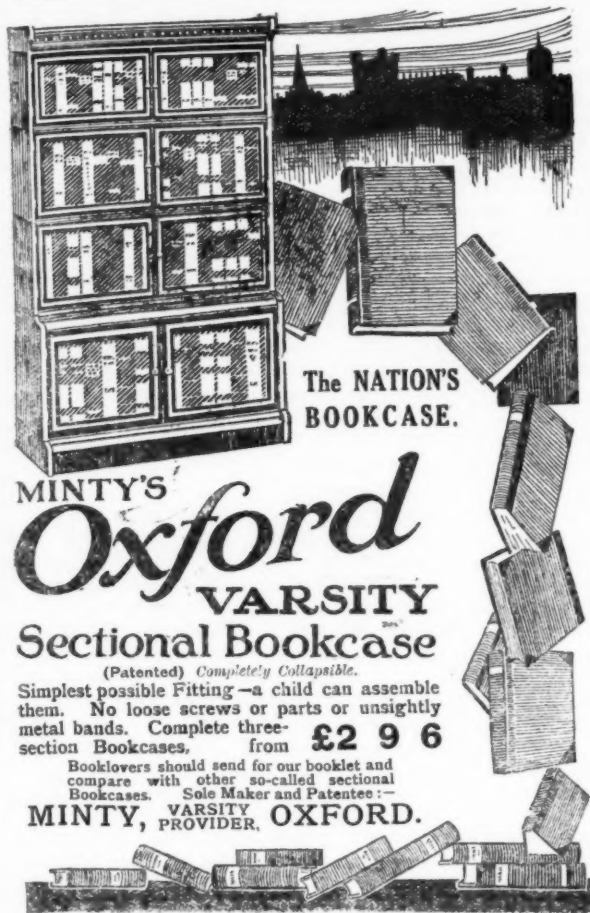
"Dear Mr. Harrison,—It was so kind of you to let me have the use of your ticket this evening, as I particularly wished to hear the Huntingdonshire Phantasy and the Variations on the 'Unquiet Grave.' The Phantasy sounded a trifle episodic, but probably a second hearing would remove this impression. It is rich in atmosphere and has some wonderful Æolian coloring. It uses the old song of 'The Fly is on the Turbot' for its main thematic material, flattening the seventh, of course, and interposing the proper ♯ bar.

"The variations I did not like so much. The tune has always been one of my favorites; it has that certainty—that emotional precision—which one has so often found in communal expression of all kinds. The individual composer, to my mind, often wanders round the confines of emotion. But folk-song, springing from the collective consciousness of a people, hits the centre of emotion indubitably. There is no doubt that the 'Unquiet Grave' speaks in the very accents of sorrow, of mourning, and of elemental fear."

The most interesting letters from a musical point of view are those of Nigel Clark, whose opinions, one imagines, are those of the author's own. Nigel is an excellent critic, sensitive, cultivated, catholic, and delightfully enjoué. His views, although never ceasing to be individual, are also admirably representative of the educated musical taste, not only of contemporary England, but, as readers of "Jean Christophe" will recognize, of France also. Mr. Sidgwick's tastes are neither those of the conservative 'sixties, who will admit no genius other than "the three B's," nor of the anarchical twenties, who will listen to nothing composed later than 1912, but the mature judgment of thirty odd, which reveres the classics, enjoys the moderns—Strauss, Ravel, Debussy, &c.—is lightly critical of Wagner, and distinctly intolerant of Brahms.

Beethoven is safe. Mr. Sidgwick has many shrewd and eloquent criticisms, but there is nothing in the book finer than his description of the Ninth Symphony—"that astonishing symphony which shares with 'Hamlet' and a few other things the distinction of being both a great work of art and really popular"—unless it is his long and subtle analysis of the Seventh, "meine grosse Symphonie," as Beethoven called it himself. Bach, too, before whose Concerto in E (for violin, organ, and strings) the Queen's Hall audience "became simply one collective vortex of ecstasy," has no truer admirer than Mr. Nigel Clark, who, all through the Fourth Symphony (about which he finds the Beethoven public a little too serious)—

"had the Bach still in my head, and was living over again those imperishable moments. At the end I went home

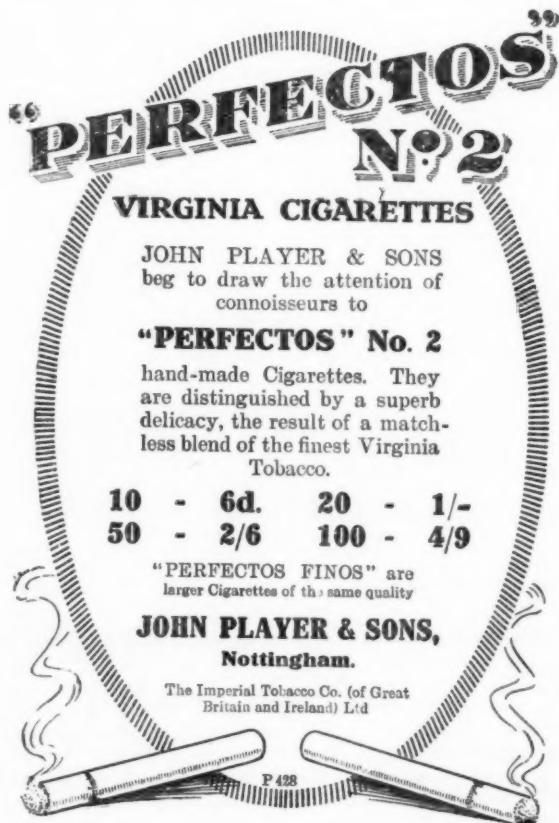


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swiftly and alone. I was in such a state that I feared if I met people they might think I had been listening to the Fourth Symphony."

But Brahms! It was (if we remember rightly) some time in the late 'eighties that the æsthetic ladies in "Punch" were pictured turning their backs on a musical performance, with the contemptuous justification that "there are no wrong notes in Mendelssohn." The pendulum swings, and Mendelssohn, and Tennyson and other Victorian idols who fell with a crash at the end of the century, show faint signs of picking themselves up again. A free spirit may listen without reproach to the music of "Midsummer Night's Dream," and a very advanced young poet may affect a piquant admiration for "Maud." We are naturally more tender to the mistakes of our grandmothers than to those of our aunts; and most young people, unfortunately, have had an aunt who plays Brahms. Mr. Sidgwick has many damning things to say about this composer. His work is "gentlemanly"; it is suggestive of Higher Thought; the writer is conscious of "some mystic bond uniting Brahms to schoolgirls." Many persons, however, who are either too young or too old to share in this particular æsthetic reaction will continue to feel exquisite pleasure from the music of Brahms, confident that the reputation of their master will survive the delicate detraction of even so subtle a critic as Mr. Sidgwick.

THE ATTEMPT AT ART.

"Incredible Adventures." By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. (Macmillan. 6s.)

"Arundel." By E. F. BENSON. (Unwin. 6s.)

"The Blind Side of the Heart." By F. E. CRICHTON. (Maunsell. 6s.)

It is a rare privilege for the reviewer to come across novels which reflect a deliberate or conscious effort towards technical accomplishment and artistic expression. For, as we repeat with tedious insistence, the modern novel—having broken severely away from the Victorian tradition, which, in its finest embodiments, did perpetuate the literary tradition, and being yet unable either to assimilate or to select the complexities of modern life—does largely dispense with art as an indispensable formula of creation. Even the ambitious novels do not define or concentrate their, in many ways, excellent material; they simply swallow it at a gulp. And so their method, which thinks to envelop the confusion, the distraction, and the aimlessness of contemporary life, becomes, in spite of them, an integral part of it.

Mr. Blackwood's "Incredible Adventures" is different. It represents an elaborately scientific and critical attempt to achieve certain suggestive effects. Of course, his material is in many ways unique. He is no realist; if he touches the present, it is only in a spiritual, a clairvoyant relation to the mystical past. He feels the past—a formidable, implacable past, sucking its vitality out of the present—as perhaps no other imaginative writer of to-day does. With him it is the present that is spectral, while the accumulated memories of what lies behind press and encroach upon it like the envining ocean upon a forlorn strip of land. All these stories illustrate this preoccupation. In "The Regeneration of Lord Ernie" the influence is inspirational, a symbolic gust of the worship of primitive forces revivifying the feckless soul of Lord Ernie, the offspring of a feckless modernity, into will and purpose. In "A Descent into Egypt" and "The Damned" the influence is sinister and acquisitive—an invincible magnet drawing its prey back into its embrace. "The Sacrifice," again (which reminds us curiously of Gorki's story, "Man and the Simplon Pass"), has a kind of anthropomorphic implication, in which the mountains become spiritual powers, claiming retribution for the loss of their old domination over the renegade soul of man. And, lastly, "Wayfarers" is quite simply an imaginative essay on the "intimations" of kaleidoscopic pre-existences, migrating from the Hesperides to "the sweet plantations of Chaldea," from Babylon to the Europe of Napoleon and the Switzerland of to-day. It is the least successful, because the most tangible and the most garish—the most exposed to a formal staginess of effect. For the

essential meaning of Mr. Blackwood's powerful technique is that everything should be suggested and nothing said. The most invidious foe to his delicate, impalpable studies would be, as he fully recognizes, a vulgar supernaturalism. He works through a religious and not a sentimental medium. And it is curious to observe how irrevocably his airy structures fall to the ground "at the touch of cold philosophy." In "The Damned," for instance, the evil suggestions of the house occupied in past generations by sombre and cruel religious bigots are dispelled by its occupancy by a philanthropic society. It is indeed a shattering of the spell—by the barbed arrow of the ludicrous. That is, indeed, Mr. Blackwood's pitfall. He tries so hard to avoid this kind of anti-climax and to create his appropriate atmosphere, that he often becomes too deliberate an artist. He follows up his effects remorselessly, and, by just that loss of spontaneity, introduces the hard, over-defined, prosaic element, which, and rightly, it is his chief anxiety to escape. For all that, there is no English short-story writer to touch him when he is at his best.

"Arundel" is another extremely conscientious attempt to accomplish a whole and coherent work of art. It is an interesting book, and the character of Mrs. Hancock, who conceals her avarice and aridity of soul by childish subterfuges and self-deceptions and an inflexible routine of externals, is well done. But there are two things wrong with the book which greatly impair the validity of its aim. Its moral values are, in the first place, false and artificial. Edward engages himself perfunctorily to Edith because it was the obvious thing to do. But Elizabeth, her cousin, and a far more vital personality, was his proper mate, and she his. What must he do but marry Edith in spite of it, and what must Edith do but insist on it? Hence that snare of the novelist—renunciation, which, in this case, involves the renunciation of the happiness of all three, and forces Mr. Benson to an unnatural *dénouement*. In the second place, the book fails to achieve that sense of contrast, which it is essential for it to reveal, and without which its artistic value is nullified. The book revolves implicitly round the psychology of Elizabeth, whose firm and eager temperament flies out against her stifling and commonplace environment. But Mr. Benson refuses to give logical development to this situation. Elizabeth gradually sinks into insignificance, and becomes a mere pawn in the game between herself, Edith, and Edward. And with the disappearance of her critical and rebellious insight, her part in the evolution of the central idea loses its pregnancy. Her vitality at the beginning moulds the whole course of the story. With its extinction, the story can only run on mechanically.

With "The Blind Side of the Heart" we descend to familiar levels. It has no pretension to art, and basks amiably in a subdued and sentimental sun. It is the tale of an engineer who is temporarily seduced from his allegiance to his thoroughly matter-of-fact and domesticated sweetheart by an Irish girl, who is caught in the filmy web of the "Celtic twilight." He is a manly young fellow, and he can only stand the "faery-child" up to a certain point. So back we go to Scotland and the homely fireside, leaving poor Eithne to the solitude of her hills and leprechauns.

BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"Eton in the 'Eighties." By ERIC PARKER. (Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

If there is to be a continuous series of volumes on Eton in each successive decade, no better model could be taken than Mr. Gilbert Coleridge's "Eton in the 'Seventies.'" It is rather doubtful whether such books are worth the trouble of print and publication, as they can only appeal to a very small public. Mr. Coleridge, however, has a light touch and a sense of humor, and his impressions were full of the atmosphere of Eton. Mr. Eric Parker who succeeds him with "Eton in the 'Eighties,'" is no doubt an accurate and conscientious writer, but he has somehow managed to produce a dull and colorless record of the Eton of his time. His

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detailed account of college customs and the wall game, his descriptions of shops and places, his record of events and games, and his lists of celebrities, are all scrupulously correct; but they will conjure up no vivid memories even to his contemporaries, who will plod through his pages and perhaps find it difficult to say why a volume that covers so much ground seems to leave out the essential. A book of this kind should be written either from the point of view of a boy—bold, reckless, impertinent, exaggerated perhaps, but emphatic and alive—or as the meditative recollections of a man who still cherishes some pleasant memories, while details of his school-life have almost vanished. Mr. Parker fails because he has done neither the one nor the other. In the chapter on "Masters" he had a good opportunity for interesting character-drawing—figures like Warre, Cornish, Edward Lyttelton, Arthur Benson—but, in a cautious, indiscriminating way, he misses it entirely, spins out his eulogies with thin scraps of anecdote, and reaches the climax by saying of Edmond Warre: "We will think of him as the greatest man we have known." When "Eton in the 'Nineties" appears, let us hope that the author will strike out a different line and give a more living picture of Eton, based on sentiments and impressions rather than on detail and research.

* * *

"The Practical Book of Period Furniture." By H. D. EBERLEIN and A. MCCLURE. (Lippincott, 21s. net.)

THIS book fulfils in a very thorough manner the aim of its writers, and gives in brief compass and succinct arrangement everything that a reader will need in order to identify and classify any piece of period furniture. Nothing is more essential to the collector than a trained eye, and this can only be acquired as the fruit of experience. But the copiously illustrated chronological key prefixed to this volume, will provide useful training, and should go a long way to fix the forms of different styles of furniture in the mind. The authors discuss in full detail the furniture of the Jacobean, Queen Anne, and Georgian periods in England, as well as the Louis Quatorze, Louis Quinze, and Empire periods in France, while there are also chapters on Chippendale, Sheraton, the brothers Adams, Hepplethwaite, and other famous designers. It is quite impossible to deal adequately with a book of this extent in a short notice, and we can only say that its authors have produced an admirable encyclopædia of their subject, and that, with its help, even those who know least about furniture can attain to a fair working knowledge of the several period styles. Almost the only criticism to be made is that the concluding chapter, on furnishing and arrangement, is out of place. Anybody who has mastered the contents will have acquired sufficient taste to arrange such furniture as he collects in a fitting manner. This, however, is a minor point, and we can recommend the book as probably the best and fullest treatise now accessible on its subject.

* * *

"Imperial America." By J. M. KENNEDY (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. KENNEDY's historical study of the United States has for its object to prove that the development of that country has, from its beginning, been Imperialistic in its tendency, and that this tendency is still at work. In Mr. Kennedy's view, the financiers who are behind American administration have now realized the commercial possibilities of the South American Continent. For this reason they are expanding the area of their control, and Mr. Kennedy asserts that it would be worth while for the United States to go to war with any European Power if this were necessary to secure their control of Central and South American markets and industries. Mr. Kennedy displays some contempt for the view that war is impossible between Great Britain and the United States. He maintains that the amount of British capital invested in South America is so great that, if it were risked or threatened, our Government would be compelled to interfere, no matter how the Monroe Doctrine were interpreted at Washington. In spite of a disposition to stray from his immediate argument, and to rest his case on dogmatic assertion, Mr. Kennedy's controversial method is not without ability. He marshals the facts that bear out his theory, but he is

apparently blind to considerations which weight the other scale in the balance. Perhaps the worst section of the book is his treatment of American letters and art.

* * *

"A First Year in Canterbury Settlement." By SAMUEL BUTLER. (Fifield, 5s. net.)

THIS volume, containing some of the earliest writings of Butler, is chiefly of a biographical interest. For, though the descriptive chapters of his sojourn as a young man in New Zealand are both vivacious and informing, there is nothing to distinguish them from many other faithful diaries of colonial experience half-a-century ago. But, regarded as a food and stimulant to one of the keenest, most original, and independent minds of the age, this episode is invaluable. It shows us Butler's mind beginning to sprout into its immense variety of bold suggestions along the lines of scientific and social criticism. Other essays in this volume, belonging to the same period—the late 'fifties and early 'sixties—show the first fruits of his study of Charles Darwin, given out in the form of letters to the Christchurch Press. To most readers the most interesting will be the letter entitled "Darwin Among the Machines," containing the first glimpses of the serious humor applied so effectively in "Erewhon." The early essays, written at Cambridge for a college magazine, show variety of interest and capacity rather than brilliancy.

* * *

"War and the World's Life." By Colonel F. N. MAUDE, C.B. (Smith, Elder, 5s.)

THE publishers have done well in reducing the price of this excellent book from about 12s. 6d. to 5s. It is true that the work was first published in 1907, and the present war has already made most military books written before last midsummer appear out of date. But even the military side of the war cannot be understood without knowledge of military history and the development of tactics in accordance with armaments. Colonel Maude has long been recognized as a high authority, both on history and tactics. The present book is a discussion of the main problems which confronted our Army, and, indeed, all armies after the wars in South Africa and Manchuria. But it is much more than a military text-book. The author has enjoyed a wide experience of life, both in this country and abroad. He writes with a knowledge of social conditions and a sympathy with civil difficulties very rare in military authorship. And, in consequence, the volume contains valuable discussions upon war in most of its aspects, and upon the Army, especially in relation to the ordinary life of the State. As is well known, Colonel Maude is a firm advocate of our voluntary system of enlistment as being the only system in accord with our national temperament.

* * *

"Egyptian Art." By Sir GASTON MASPERO. Translated by ELIZABETH LEE. (Unwin, 21s. net.)

NO living authority has done more for the elucidation of ancient Egyptian art than the Director-General of the Service des Antiquités at Cairo, and the fact that much of what he has written has been ably translated into English is a matter for self-congratulation. The present volume is less a history of Egyptian art than a collection of studies on recent "finds"; but throughout we are reminded of the main endeavor of Sir Gaston's Egyptological labors: the rescue of Egyptian art, as a whole, from the charge of monotony by classifying its monuments in schools, each possessing its different characteristics, instead of regarding them as belonging to a single and hardly varying school. Concerning the æsthetic importance which the author attaches to sundry specimens of Egyptian art, there may be sharp differences of opinion; but of his profound first-hand scholarship there can be no doubt. In general, Sir Gaston Maspero not only revives our interest in Egyptian sculpture, but re-creates the Egyptian sculptor. He shows how the latter, though sometimes over-weighted with conventions imposed by religion, was at other times allowed a remarkable independence; how, moreover, even custom itself dictated fidelity to truth, as in the case of "doubles" on the tombs, which had to be portraits, neither uglier nor handsomer than the originals. He conjures for us, also, the life of the scribe, the Court favorite, the King and Queen themselves, recalling the living

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LIABILITIES.		ASSETS.	
CAPITAL—	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
40,000 Shares of £75 each, £10 10s. paid ...	420,000 0 0	Cash at Bank of England, and at Head Office and	
215,000 Shares of £50 each, £12 paid ...	2,580,000 0 0	Branches ...	10,125,100 0 0
	3,000,000 0 0	Money at Call and Short Notice ...	3,440,050 10 10
RESERVE FUND ...	2,000,000 0 0		10,574,104 17 4
	5,000,000 0 0	INVESTMENTS VALUED AT OR UNDER THE MARKET	
CURRENT, DEPOSIT and other ACCOUNTS, including		PRICES CURRENT ON 27TH JULY, 1914, AND THOSE	
rebate on Bills not due, provision for bad and		PURCHASED SINCE THAT DATE AT COST PRICE OR	
doubtful debts, contingencies, &c. ...	74,016,017 10 2	UNDER:—	
ACCEPTANCES AND ENDORSEMENTS OF FOREIGN BILLS,		British Government Securities ...	£7,310,771 14 1
on account of Customers ...	683,103 10 5	(Of which £115,500 is lodged for public	
PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT:—		accounts)	
Balance of Profit and Loss Account,		Indian and Colonial Government Securities; Debenture, Guaranteed,	
including £91,985 6s. 2d. brought from		and Preference Stocks of British	
year 1913 ...	£773,027 9 8	Railways; British Corporation, and	
Less Interim Dividend		Water Works Stocks ...	6,228,984 14 1
9 per cent., subject to		Canal, Dock, River Conservancy, and	
deduction of Income		other Investments ...	821,270 19 5
Tax (£16,312 10s.) paid			14,301,037 8 4
in August last ...	£270,000 0 0	BILLS DISCOUNTED, LOANS, &c., including Stock Ex-	
Dividend of 7 per		change Loans under Treasury Minute of 31st	
cent., subject to de-		October, 1914 ...	46,230,704 12 10
duction of Income		LIABILITY OF CUSTOMERS FOR ACCEPTANCES, &c., as per	
Tax (£20,562 10s.) pay-		Contra ...	683,103 10 5
able 4th February next	210,000 0 0	BANK PREMISES in London and Country ...	835,058 10 4
Placed to Confin-			
gencies ...	800,000 0 0		
	680,000 0 0		
Balance carried forward to 1915 ...	93,027 9 8		
	80,002,208 19 3		80,002,208 19 3

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spirit of an age that, but for his practical labors, would be largely misunderstood, if not dead and forgotten.

* * *

"Feminist Writers of the Seventeenth Century." By S. A. RICHARDS. (Nutt. 5s. net.)

THIS is a thesis for the degree of Master of Arts in the University of London, and is concerned with the rather obscure feminist writers of the seventeenth century in France. Its opening chapter discusses the position of women in the seventeenth century, and examines the influence of the "Précieuses" and "Savantes," which Mr. Richards holds not to be actively feminist in tendency. The next three chapters are devoted to François Poulain de la Barre, one of the earliest advocates of the complete equality of the sexes. The book concludes with a chapter on "Public Opinion and Feminism in the Seventeenth Century," and a bibliography of French books on the subject.

* * *

"The Fire of Love and the Mending of Life." By RICHARD ROLLE. Edited and done into Modern English by FRANCES M. M. COMPER. (Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.)

If simplicity is a passport to true Mysticism, Rolle will certainly be disqualified. His style, accentuated by Misyn's Middle-English translation from the Latin originals, is tiresomely crowded with verbal ingenuities, recondite allusion, over-neglected clauses, redundancies, convolutions, and obscurities of every kind. In spite of his passionate feeling and spiritual zeal, his mind moved rather sluggishly, and was apt to be encumbered by the traditions of fourteenth-century literature, which, as yet unevolved into the standard tongue, paid tribute to the scholastic tyrannies of the schools. And Rolle's aspirations would undoubtedly have gained in strength, swiftness, and penetration, had he known how to embody them in a more appropriate garment of expression. His qualities lie not in the melody, assonance, or beauty of his utterance, but in the vigor and independence of his poetic thought. He compensates for what he lacks in sweetness and spontaneity by an intellectual grasp, devoted exclusively to celebrating the exaltations of the heavenly vision. Miss Cowper's edition deserves great praise for its lucidity, proportion, and adequacy, an achievement which her preface, in spite of an ill-judged reference to Rolle's analogy with St. Francis, fully maintains. She makes some quite superfluous excuses for modernizing Misyn's text. If she had left it where it stood, the book would, to all intents and purposes, have read like a foreign language.

The Week in the City.

THE week has been full of excitement, owing to the naval victory and to persistent reports that Italy and Roumania are on the point of joining the Allies. But the Treasury restrictions and regulations and the list of minimum prices prevent any real volume of activity from developing. The extraordinarily easy conditions in the Money Market are, as Sir Felix Schuster said, in addressing his bank shareholders, paradoxical and perhaps dangerous. But the want of ordinary trade bills may well encourage the Government to adopt, whenever necessary, the device of Treasury Bill issues. There was quite a chorus of admiration from the bank chairmen for the Chancellor of the Exchequer. The approaching financial conference between the

three allies is considered to be an event of capital importance, and it must be admitted that the City is rather nervous at the suggestion which is said to have appeared in the Russian press, that the Russian Government will have to be financed by London. On the other hand, the commandeering of food-stuffs by the German Government seems to point to economic embarrassments in that country, which may help to bring the war to a speedy and satisfactory end. A long war of exhaustion, it is clear, might produce such a state of bankruptcy on the Continent that large pecuniary payments by way of indemnity will be practically impossible, and at the same time, the large private debts due from the Continent to London would then have to be written off. Fears of another war when this one is over are not seriously entertained, for it is felt that there will be neither the will nor the money to attempt another Armageddon for many years to come. There is some little uneasiness about the "Dacia" and our relations with Washington.

SHIPPING AND FREIGHTS.

Just now there is an outcry that the high prices of food-stuffs, coal, and other necessities is due to the huge profits which shipowners are earning through the shortage of tonnage. There is undoubtedly a shortage of ships now that ordinary trade is recovering from the shock it sustained in August, and the trade in war material is so big that shipowners claim that much of the higher freight charges is absorbed by the higher wages, war-risk charges, dock-dues, and other expenses which have increased very much. At first it is highly probable that shipping was conducted at a loss, but, with the larger volume of trade now being done, it seems more likely that shipowners are making good profits just now. The report of the Mercantile Steamship Company states that "the steamers are now engaged at remunerative rates, and the prospects for the first half of this year are satisfactory." The company's year ends on December 31st, and its figures for last year certainly do not compare badly with those of previous years:—

MERCANTILE STEAMSHIP COMPANY.					
	Net Profit.	Reserve, &c.	Pref. Div.	Ord. Div.	%
1906	29,301	10,000	6,400	12,000	6
1907	33,190	15,000	6,400	12,000	6
1908	15,593	nil	6,400	10,000	5
1909	19,097	7,500	6,400	6,000	3
1910	38,457	22,000	6,400	10,000	5
1911	48,574	22,000	6,400	20,000	10
1912	96,426	40,000	6,400	50,000	25
1913	101,789	55,082	6,400	40,000	20
1914	70,685	29,000	6,400	35,000	17½

A dividend of 17½ per cent. for a year in which the country was at war during five months is very good, especially as the directors complain that for part of the time the ships were run at a loss. Holders of shipping shares, therefore, would do well to keep them until peace is declared, and then sell them, for the cessation of war trade and the release of German ships is bound to cause a slump in freights.

LLOYDS BANK.

The yield on the shares of Lloyds Bank in the note on "Bank Dividends" last week was erroneously given as £6 16s. per cent., which is far too high. The correct yield on the present price of the shares (£27) is £5 7s. 6d. per cent. I trust that no reader has been misled by this slip into the belief that Lloyds Bank shares are quite so good a bargain as they were made to appear by the mistake. They are good enough indeed on the true yield.

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